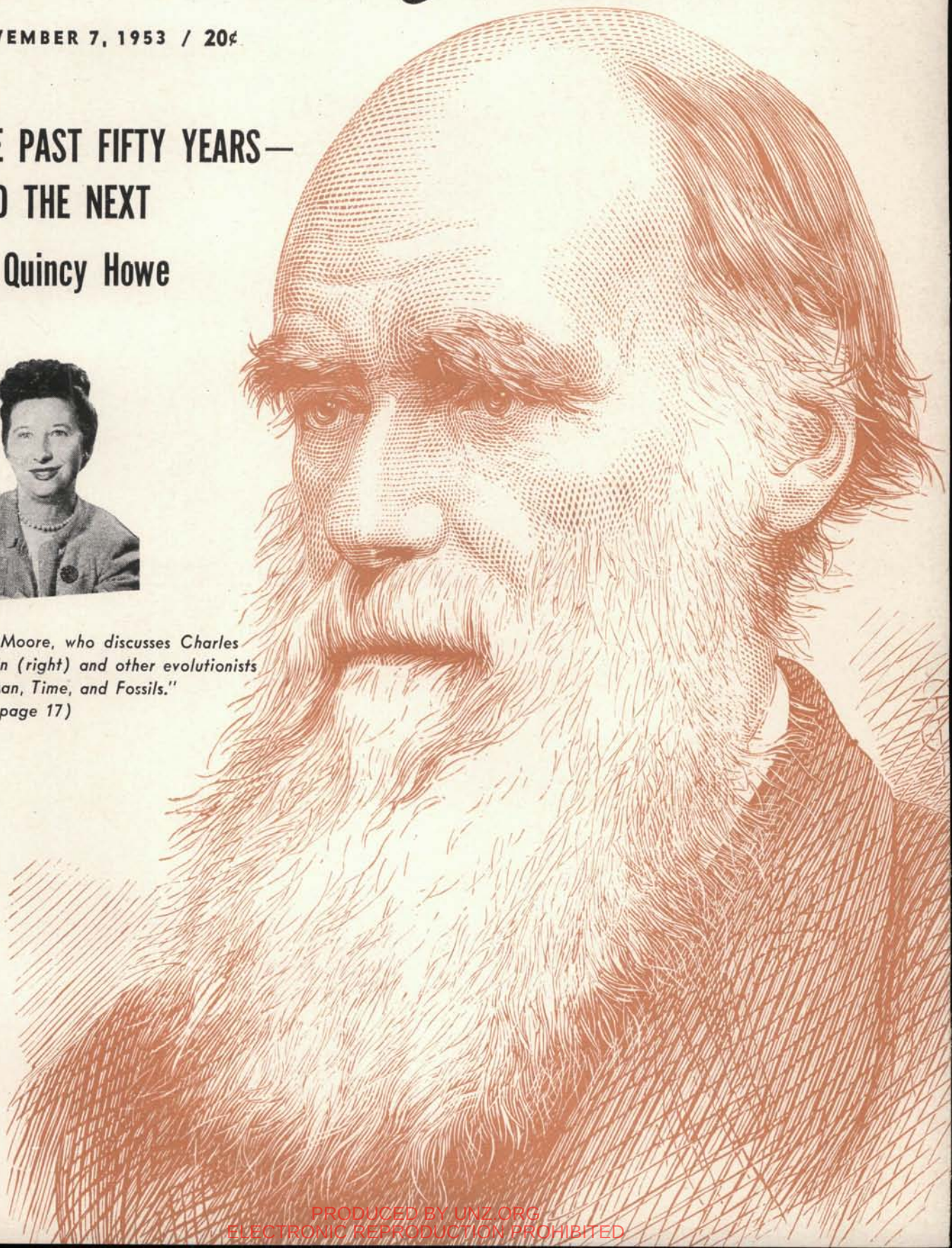
Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 7, 1953 / 20¢

THE PAST FIFTY YEARS— AND THE NEXT

By Quincy Howe

Ruth Moore, who discusses Charles Darwin (right) and other evolutionists in "Man, Time, and Fossils."
(See page 17)



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The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 7, 1953

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 45, Nov. 7, 1953. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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SR's Library Poll

THE power of movies to thrust a book forward to the attention of the reading public was demonstrated again this week when *The Saturday Review*'s Library Poll revealed "The Robe," by Lloyd C. Douglas, in third place, just behind James Jones's best-seller of some years ago, "From Here to Eternity."

For the first time the consistently popular volume by Norman Vincent Peale on "The Power of Positive Thinking" rose this week to the top of *SR*'s poll. The complete tabulation follows:

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)*
2. **From Here to Eternity** by James Jones (F)**
3. **The Robe** by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
4. **Sexual Behavior in the Human Female** by Alfred C. Kinsey (G)
5. **Lélia** by André Maurois (G)
6. **Too Late the Phalarope** by Alan Paton (F)
7. **Beyond This Place** by A. J. Cronin (F)
8. **Time and Time Again** by James Hilton (F)
9. **The Spirit of St. Louis** by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
10. **Désirée** by Annemarie Selinko (F)
11. **The Adventures of Augie March** by Saul Bellow (F)
12. **Period Piece** by Gwen Raverat (G)
13. **Come, My Beloved** by Pearl Buck (F)
14. **The Rommel Papers** ed. by B. H. Liddell-Hart (G)
15. **Call Me Lucky** by Bing Crosby (G)
16. **Battle Cry** by Leon Uris (F)
17. **A House Is Not a Home** by Polly Adler (G)
18. **The Unconquered** by Ben Ames Williams (F)
19. **India and the Awakening East** by Eleanor Roosevelt (G)
20. **A Man Called Peter** by Catherine Marshall (G)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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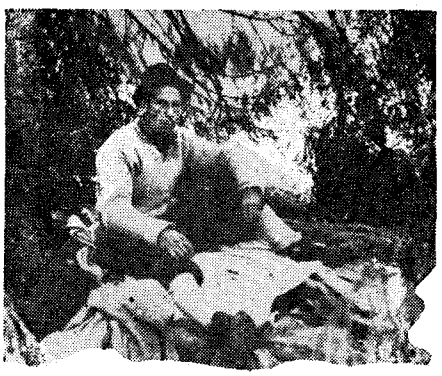

At 21 he played a man's game of hide-and-seek — for keeps

Two Eggs On My Plate

By OLUF REED OLSEN

The author's exciting story of his part in the Norwegian underground

OLUF OLSEN joined the Norwegian underground when Hitler's hordes overran his homeland. Here are his thrilling reminiscences of the dangerous business of espionage. In a straightforward, modest style, he recalls deeds of the utmost heroism: photographing military installations —"sailing and bailing" 1,150 miles to England in a leaky tub named the "Haabet" (Hope)—training in Britain's most secret location—parachuting into Norway—sending shortwave signals in a forest where a creaking twig could be a death warrant, a bird an innocent informer. A spy story of the first water — a stirring account of the individual heroism which contributed so much to Allied victory. *Illustrated with photos* $4.50

As thrilling as a novel— this fascinating story of the Pacific Island where the Kon-Tiki raft crash-landed.

Raroia

HAPPY ISLAND OF THE SOUTH SEAS

By BENGT DANIELSSON

THE only Swede on the famed Kon-Tiki expedition returned to this tiny coral atoll for a second look at an almost idyllic life —where the cost of living is nil . . . where you work (more or less) from ages four to fourteen and then retire . . . where the people are merry, carefree, and indestructably happy.

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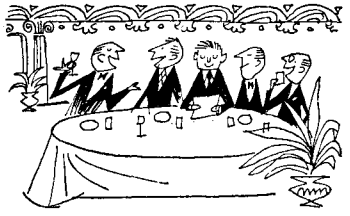
TRADE Winds

THE ALGONQUIN ROUND TABLE lives again! Many of the group who made it famous originally have gone to their just rewards, and others have grown so rich that a relay of butlers serve them caviar in solid gold buckets, but the new membership is no small shakes either. It includes Martin Quigley, long-time publisher and guiding light of the *Motion Picture Daily and Herald;* Dr. Frank Kingdon, the eminent columnist; Attorney Louis Nizer, legal representative for a whole passel of notables; and Elmer Letterman, only insurance tycoon to have rated a profile in *The New Yorker.* Elmer has just written a book himself called "The Sale Begins When the Customer Says No," and he's got more testimonials from big brass concealed on his person than Harpo Marx has cutlery. Book salesmen—not to mention a few columnists that come to mind—might profit by memorizing this advice of Elmer's:

> Nothing antagonizes a client as much as a frontal attack on the competition. It is in poor taste; it proves nothing about what you are trying to tell; and it is completely unnecessary, because you can gain the same end by presenting the advantages of your own offer rather than the drawbacks of your rival's.

TWO OTHER DISTINGUISHED droppers-in on the revived Algonquin Round Table are the fabulous Bill Zeckendorf, real



estate's Andrew Carnegie (his modernistic office atop 383 Madison Avenue is worth traveling miles to see), and Harry Hershfield, famed raconteur and chairman of even more banquets than Georgie Jessel.

Harry's latest concerns a refugee in London who aspired above all to a made-to-order English suit. He scrimped and saved until he could afford to patronize the most fashionable tailor on Savile Row, and buy all the trimmings to match—homburg, shirt, tie, oxfords, stick. The day came for the final fitting, and he was able to study the full ensemble in a full-length mirror. Suddenly he burst into tears. The head fitter, dismayed, begged, "Tell me what's wrong, sir. Are you displeased with the fit? Do any of the accessories bother you?" "No, no," the refugee assured him between sobs. "The clothes are perfect. *But why did we have to lose India?*"

A BOOKSELLER DOWN BALTIMORE way had a perplexing experience while serving his hitch on jury duty recently. His name was drawn from a panel to sit on a case involving a retailer who had bought a sizable amount of merchandise last October and returned it all unopened six months later. The seller didn't want his merchandise back; he wanted his money. The retailer's lawyer fixed our bookselling friend with a beady eye and demanded, "What business are you in?" "I'm a bookseller," was the answer, delivered with pardonable pride. "Aha," pursued the lawyer, "and when you order books from a publisher it is always your intention to pay for them?" "It certainly is," asserted the bookseller. The lawyer looked surprised and snapped, "This juror is excused."

THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR when you realize with a start that you'll soon have to be picking out Christmas books for all your friends' and relatives' children again. Before you take it for granted that for boys at least fishing is one subject where you can't go wrong cast your eye on this composition of thirteen-year-old David Grant Alexander, of Katonah, reprinted here unedited and with David's permission:

> Some people like fishing trips. I am not one of these. I do not like the trip to the fishing spot; I do not like sitting still in the boat; I do not like baiting the hook. In fact, the only thing I like about fishing is the smell of fried fish rolled in corn meal coming to me by Mother Natcher's soft breezes.
>
> A fishing trip to me is just a waste of time. Who wants to go on a fishing trip and not catch any fish and be bored for the rest of the afternoon. When one is fishing he could be playing tennis or golf. Then go for a swim in a pool or drink coco cola or beer.
>
> There are some more proofs and one is the distance which must be covered to the fishing spot. If you travel a long distance to get there you will be tired out and might

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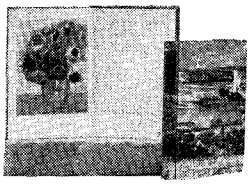

NOW WE are preparing new printings of these three books. They will be placed on sale in the retail book shops for $11.85 per set, in the growing series called The Heritage Illustrated Bookshelf. But, because they were first distributed to the members of The Heritage Club, the directors feel that the members of the Club hold a kind of partnership in the plates from which these reprints are being made. So a copy of each book is going to be given to each member of The Heritage Club, to inaugurate a new system of Bonus Books—in the distribution of which, even a limited number of Trial Members are going to share!

Now you may know that the membership rolls of The Heritage Club are not often publicly opened to new members.

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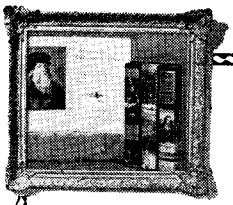

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have cramps in your legs. You will wish instead of gazing at scenery for the afternoon you could be watching television and rest your eyes.

The trouble about getting a boat is that it is such a nuisance. You either have to rent a boat or buy one. The rented boat might be unsafe but you can't try it out until you are in it and that is too late. Then too, the boat that you wanted especially might be out with someone else so you wait and wait and waste more time waiting. In fact a fishing trip has more waiting than fishing.

Some people like the long ride to the fishing place and sitting still in a boat. Some people think it is worth the time and money. I think they have a right to their own views, but I want no part of their vacation. Count me out!

Fish stories have been occupying *my* mind lately, too. I had just collected a raft of them for a column in *This Week* when Clyde Grisson came through, one day too late, with a story about Marilyn Monroe's quest of a rainbow trout in a Canadian stream. She all but landed a beauty—but he escaped at the last minute. Then he swam excitedly to his cronies and boasted, "Boys, you should have seen the one I got away from!"

DOROTHY KILGALLEN, King Features Columnist and my co-panelist on "What's My Line?" confides that Polly Adler's best-selling "A House Is Not a Home" actually was ghosted by Virginia Faulkner, author of "Barbarians" and "My Hey-day." "Anyone who knew much about Polly's special era," continues Miss K., "could have spotted the hand of a ghost, because nobody, for instance, addressed Dutch Schultz as 'Dutch,' as Polly's biog said she did. They called him by his real name, Arthur, or they soon were terribly sorry they hadn't." . . . Mention of names reminds me that Curtis Pub's wily Ben Allen has been amassing a modest fortune betting associates three to one they don't know offhand the real first name of Stonewall Jack-

son or what the "D" stood for in John D. Rockefeller. John O'Connor, of Grosset & Dunlap, cut a deep hole in the Allen syndicate's bundle by tossing off both answers correctly without the flick of an eyelash. . . . Another brain-teaser that caused a ruction at a recent publishers' conclave concerned the true origin of the expres-

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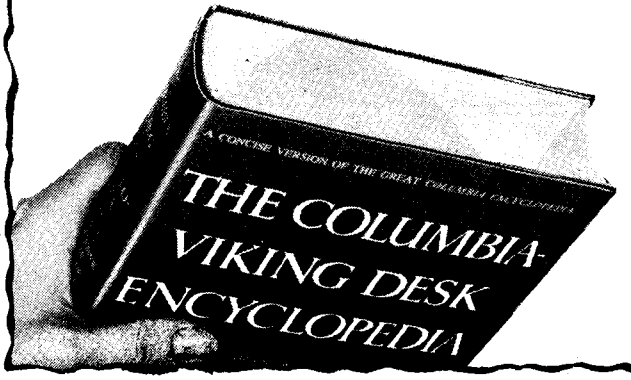

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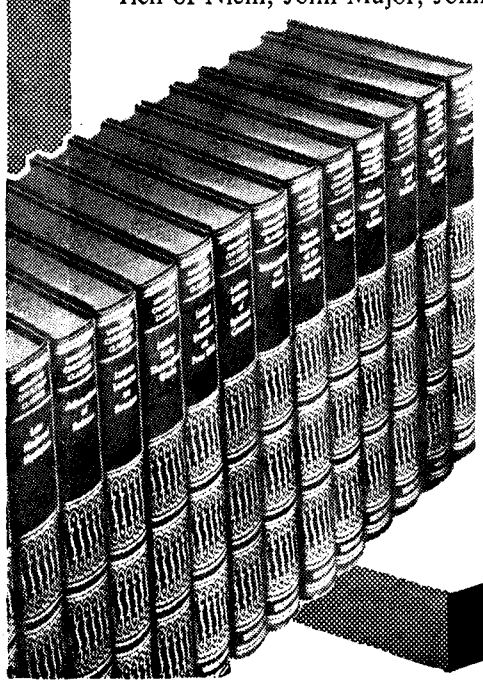

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sion "Hobson's Choice." I wouldn't believe the correct answer myself until I was shown it in our own "American College Dictionary"!

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songs that were written for him over the years by Kern, Gershwin, Porter, *et al.*, have been rerecorded for a sumptuous album called "The Astaire Story," and released by Norman Granz. At first glance the fifty-dollar price tag is prohibitive, but this is a really deluxe job all the way around, and I have a notion that even the humblest book shop could find at least two customers in the chips who would go for it as a Christmas gift to what *Time* might call "a great good friend." . . . . Nostalgic lovers of popular tunes might get a kick, too, out of a new Mercury record called "Tin Pin Alley Favorites" by Sammy Spear and his "Society Eight," featuring tunes and orchestrations representative of the various musical fads of the first quarter of this century. Included are the treacly "Sunshine of Your Smile," an Irving Berlin number I'm darned if I ever heard before called "Anna Liza's Wedding Day," and a Billy Rose-Con Conrad creation called "Watermelon," which I doubt contributed very much to the down payment Billy made on the Ziegfeld Theatre.

THERE'S A BOOKSHOP near Hollywood and Vine on the Coast that specializes in books on magic and occultism. Mike Connolly noticed the other day that it was tightly shuttered. A sign on the door read, "Vanished till next season."

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1023)

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Done with the grace of sitting by the fire,
She chose a hemisphere for her horizon
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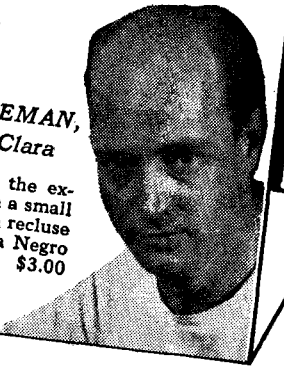

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Bookmarks

WHAT drives today's school pupils to endure such self-torture in the method they have devised for carrying their textbooks home and back? Apparently one has to be burdened with at least five books, one of which must be an out-size quarto employed as a sort of backstop. Against this the other four are bolstered in tiers of two each, and the carrier's arm provides the hasp that locks the unwieldy mass into a spurious solidity. Would it be chicken to use a bag? And what has become of leather bookstraps? Both of these conveniences were universal in our nonage. There was a sharply-drawn social cleavage between them—the peasants used straps and the quality bags. The bags were of green baize—the same easy-on-the-eye, resilient material that makes the surface of a well-maintained pool table one of man's comelier manufactures. Lawyers, too, used these baize devices, and there was even a lawyer's magazine called *The Green Bag*. Shakespeare's schoolboy had no truck with books bunched under his arm; he carried them in a satchel, and perhaps that is why his face was shining.

* * *

It gives a reader a sort of homey, comfortable feeling to find a dust of tobacco ashes along the inner margins of a book, provided, of course, it is a public-library book and not one that he has lent to (and even got back from) a friend.

* * *

Some weeks ago this department offered the not too profound observation that numerous pronounceable combinations of letters had never got into the dictionaries, and we offered, in evidence, *brope, clab, clin, nufe, hig, droove, surl, fleff, garch, parn, herk, frent, prip, whenk.* We did not, at the time, give this new language a name, because nothing had ever been written in it, and you can't write a thing *in vacuo*. Wait a minute. Why can't you? Let's *call* this new language Vacuo. Here, then, from Mrs. R. E. Broward of Jacksonville, Fla., is the first poem, the first anything, ever written in Vacuo:

A brope with a clin and a surl
was garching, one prip, in the turl.
With a fleff and a herk
He clabbed up a zerk
And droove the parn garch in the nurle.

Mrs Broward, it will be noted, offers certain novelties to the uninitiate: *turl, zerk, nurle.* These we gladly add to the vocabulary; they are probably archaic Vacuo. —J. T. W.

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Good News

▶ Two young doctors recently wrote the Maine Development Commission asking for the names of communities where doctors were needed and where they could best be of service to their fellow men. Twenty-four towns ranging in population from 358 to 7,504 have put in their bids for the services of the two young men, offering houses, in some cases financial assistance for the first year, and stressing the particular advantages of living in their particular communities. This sounds like one way of solving the problem of too many doctors in the large cities and too few in the small towns of this land.

▶ The Onondaga County (N. Y.) American Legion at a recent convention adopted "A Guide for Citizenship Activity" calling on all Americans "to make a distinction between unpopular statements and statements disloyal to our American institutions." It asked that investigations by Congressional committees "guarantee a fair hearing" and be "conducted with responsibility, understanding, and restraint." Describing fair play as part of our American heritage, it said, "When we fail to practise what we profess we weaken ourselves and strengthen our enemies."

▶ Last year almost ten million American schoolchildren were able to buy at nominal price a daily midday meal that meets exacting nutritional standards, thanks to the National School Lunch Program. It was ten years ago that the first Federal cash assistance to school lunch programs was provided.

▶ The tenth Quadrennial Congress of the International Council of Nurses was held this summer high in the mountains of Brazil. More than 1,300 nurses from fifty countries were present. They adopted a new "International Code of Nursing Ethics" to guide the members of their profession throughout the world. Thus, step by step, the sense of world community advances.

▶ Judge J. Bernard Cocke of New Orleans, La., refused recently to accept as evidence against them testimony of three Negro youths which they said had been exacted under duress. "Let the police department do . . . more detective work instead of relying so much on these free and voluntary confessions," said the judge. The boys charged they were beaten until they confessed.

—Donald Harrington.

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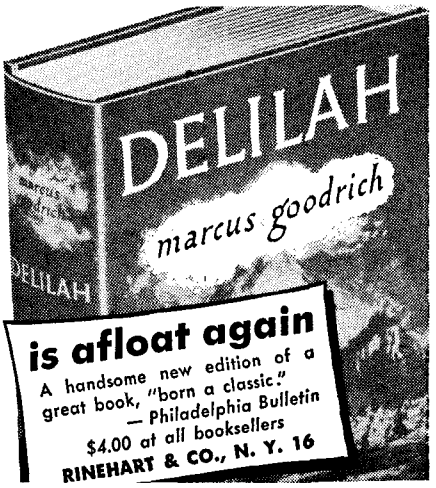

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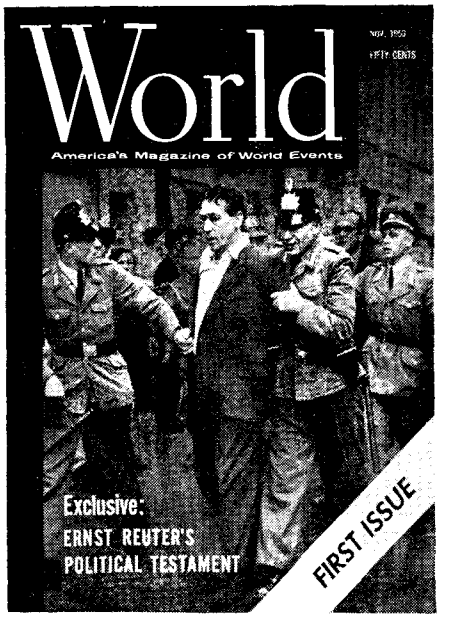

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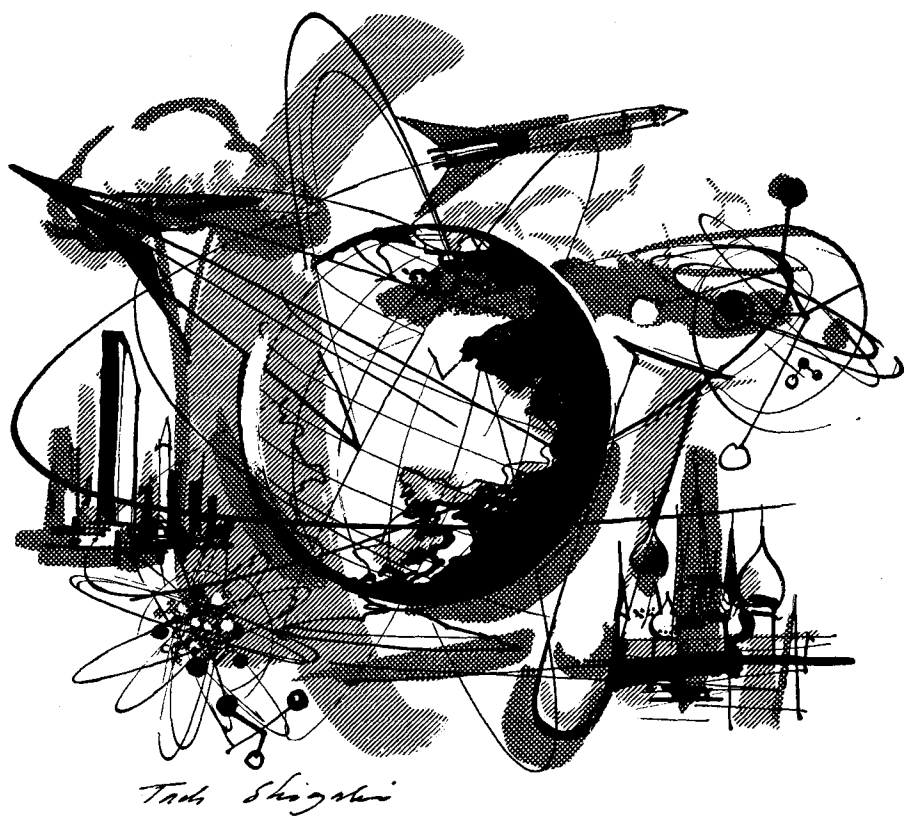
The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 7, 1953

THE PAST FIFTY YEARS

. . . and the next



By QUINCY HOWE

Midway in the writing of his "World History of Our Own Times" Quincy Howe decided "largely as a matter of self-discipline and self-education" to put his reflections on the course of twentieth-century history into some perspective. The result is the article below which examines the prospects for world unity as of 1953. The second volume of Mr. Howe's history, entitled "The World Between the Wars," was published in September. The final volume is due to make its appearance in three years.

THE record of the past fifty years justifies at least two predictions concerning the next half century. We cannot bring back the vanished world of 1900. Neither can we expect present trends to continue forever. At the turn of the century more and more people in every land assumed that the material progress of the previous hundred years would continue onward and upward for many hundred years to come. Nor did they stop there. Faith in material progress bred faith in human progress. Science had not only enabled man to harness the forces of the universe to his own use. Science had also given man the power to change and improve his own nature. H. G. Wells expressed the hopes of millions when he foresaw twentieth-century science promoting the health, wealth, and happiness of all mankind.

World War I did more than demonstrate the power of modern science. It ended with two mighty efforts to assure the triumph of human progress. Drawing their inspiration from nineteenth-century Europe, taking for granted the limitless scope of scientific advance and human perfectibility, Wilson and Lenin set themselves up as world messiahs who offered universal programs of peace and plenty for all. But the League of Nations that Wilson inspired did not prevent World War II. The Russian Revolution that Lenin led did not sweep the world. Wilson's self-righteous refusal to compromise his principles made cynics of the liberals. Lenin's cynical compromise of every principle made gangsters of the radicals. Hitler then appealed to both cynics and gangsters, proving—even in defeat—that the spirit of nationalism which both Wilson and Lenin tried to transcend had more vitality than the spirit of internationalism which both Wilson and Lenin tried to evoke. Neither Hitler's cynicism nor his nationalism led to his defeat. Hitler failed because he appealed to only one nation and because that

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"Nietzsche and Dostoievsky foresaw today's world."

nation lay in Europe. And the chief force that finally laid Hitler low was not the Christian, democratic West; it was Stalin's Russia—more atheistic, more totalitarian than Nazi Germany itself.

BY THE end of World War II the world of 1900 had vanished altogether. Civilization, on which H. G. Wells was betting at the turn of the century, seemed sure to lose its race to catastrophe. Few prophets at mid-century foresaw much health, wealth, or happiness for mankind. George Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four" carried more conviction. Reversing the last two figures of the year in which he wrote the book—1948—he produced a great satire of his own time, not a preview of the 1980's. But the contemporary historian who merely predicts more unreason and less freedom, more conformity and less progress, risks repeating the mistake of the historian of fifty years ago who assumed that all the major trends of 1900 would continue to run in the same direction for an indefinite period.

If it is the function of the modern satirist to shock us with a picture of a totalitarian world, it is the function of the modern historian to point out that the events of the past fifty years have shaken the optimism of 1900. Not Darwin and Whitman but Nietzsche and Dostoievsky foresaw today's world. Freud revealed dark, human impulses that Marx attributed to environment. To most of the English-speaking world the defeat of Hitler signified the defeat of the racial and national doctrines he sought to impose on mankind. The dark-skinned majority of the human race take a different view. Although the British have made noble, honest efforts to live down Kipling's superiority complex toward lesser breeds without the law, and although Americans have made noble, honest efforts to end discrimination, the peoples of Asia see no great difference between Hitler and Kipling or between Nazi stormtroopers and a lynch mob in the American South. Advocates of white superiority, even of white supremacy, in the Western world have encouraged Asian and African demagogues to advocate colored superiority and even colored supremacy. The Gandhis and the Schweitzers, of course, reject all doctrines of racial supremacy, but nationalist and Communist demagogues prefer to appeal to prejudice and emotion.

As Asia has gone up in the world Europe has gone down. Nationalist leaders and movements have triumphed in Turkey, India, China, Japan. More than once religions originating in Asia have conquered or converted Europe. Today the religion of nationalism which originated in Europe has gripped Asia. This new force hit America between the eyes at Pearl Harbor. It struck again, more successfully and on a gigantic scale, when the Communists conquered China. Britain bowed to this force in India, Holland in Indonesia. France tries to fight it in Indo-China. The United States tries to come to terms with it in Korea. Since Lenin's time the Russian Communists have tried with varying success to exploit the force of Asian nationalism, but all history argues that they cannot hope to bend it permanently to their purposes.

Because only Russia and the United States have the facilities required to wage a modern war, it is assumed they must eventually fight and that the victor will rule the world. But if a Soviet-American conflict does materialize what an opportunity for the revolutionary movement in Asia. Already interested parties in various Asian countries seek Russian or American backing for their various enterprises, as Asian Communists cry out against American imperialism and Asian anti-Communists cry out against Russian aggression. A China threatened with civil war or an India threatened with Communism might well set off World War III. But the vast costs and uncertain outcome make for caution in both Washington and Moscow. Atomic weapons give the United States and Russia the power to destroy each other. They do not give either Russia or the United States the power to conquer or control any substantial part of Asia. Just the opposite. The destruction that atomic war could create in Russia, Europe, and the United States would make the world safe for Asia for centuries to come.

The death of Stalin and the election of Eisenhower have reduced the immediate threat of Russian-American conflict. Stalin's successors have had to cope with unrest in the satellite lands and have purged Beria. Although they inherited a state many times stronger than the state Stalin inherited from Lenin, they at once felt it necessary to make substantial concessions to their own people who want something better than Stalin gave them and who believe they can get it. Beyond the Iron Curtain the new rulers of Russia are spreading the word that the time has come to settle the Cold War by negotiation—and it's a word that millions of Europeans and Asians want to believe. Although President Eisenhower and most Americans remain skeptical of Russian good faith and good will, the fear of immediate war has measurably abated. The truce in Korea has made the prospects for peace look a little brighter. The June 17 riots in East Germany have encouraged the hope that the Russian regime will collapse from the inside. This American belief may prove just as groundless as Europe's belief that we can do business with Malenkov, but it is no less passionately held.

HOW Stalin insulated the Russian people from all ideas and information that he did not want them to receive is an old and familiar story. Only now are we discovering that he and his heirs and assigns wore the same self-imposed blinders. Since Stalin's death the new rulers of Russia have shown themselves somewhat more sensitive to public opinion at home and abroad, but it is difficult to fathom their real beliefs or to forecast the decisions to which these beliefs

(*Continued on page* 45)

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MAN AND THE EARTH

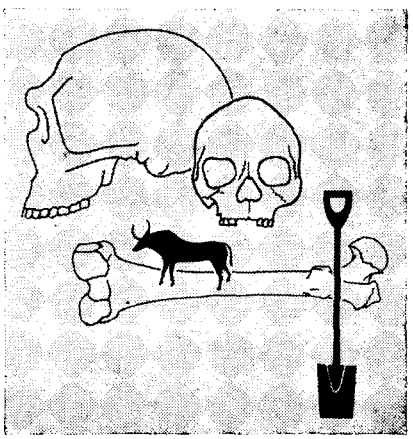
Story of the Shells

"Man, Time, and Fossils," by Ruth Moore *(Alfred A. Knopf. 411 pp. $5.75), is a popular account of evolution and the rise of Man, told largely in terms of the scientists who gave us our knowledge of them. Edwin H. Colbert, who reviews it here, is curator of fossil reptiles and amphibians at the American Museum of Natural History.*

By Edwin H. Colbert

ONE hundred years ago the idea of evolution was very much in the air. Students of past and present life were groping for some logical explanation that would account not only for the many resemblances but also for the extraordinary differences that they saw among the fossils and the living plants and animals on which they were working. Was Divine Creation the answer? If so why were there so many close similarities between men and apes or, in a more general way, between horses and rhinoceroses? Why did the porpoise, a warm-blooded mammal, so closely resemble in its outward form a cold-blooded fish? Why was there such a wide variety of form in the horns of the African antelopes?

To the inquiring mind of the mid-nineteenth century the separate creation and fixity of each species was not adequate to account for the many wonders of the living world, in spite of the weight of Biblical authority. It seemed that there must have been a long past during which the many plants and animals of the world developed, advancing from the simple to the more complex, ever becoming adapted to new conditions in an evolving earth.



—Sue Richert, for "Man, Time, and Fossils."

Then, in the year 1859, appeared Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species," one of the most important books in the history of man. It crystalized the amorphous contemporary ideas on the subject of evolution, and in one stroke of genius, based upon many years of patient observation and hard work, inaugurated one of the great revolutions in human thought. The entire aspect of Nature as seen by Man was profoundly changed, so that life was envisaged as the result of an orderly process of evolution through the mutability of species, with Man (like all other animals) taking his proper place in this system. Today our concept of the world and its life is logical, and is founded upon a tremendous body of sound, scientific work, rather than illogical and mythical.

The growth of our modern theory of evolution, with particular reference to the evolution of Man, is ably set forth by Ruth Moore in "Man, Time, and Fossils," a book obviously designed as a companion piece to C. W. Ceram's "Gods, Graves, and Scholars" of two years ago. Ideas are inextricably linked with the men who formulate and expand them, and Miss Moore has utilized this fact as the basis for an account of some of the scholars who have contributed to the modern concept of evolution and to our knowledge about the evolution of Man. It is a good book, thanks to Miss Moore's ability as a writer, to her conscientious probing of sources, and to the generous assistance given her by some of the men now deeply engrossed in this important subject. It is a pleasing book because of its format, its large excellent plates, and particularly its effective illustrations (quite a number of them designed as pure decorations rather than as text figures) by Sue Richert.

Miss Moore divides her book into three parts. Part One, "Man's Origins," deals with the growth of the evolutionary theory to its modern status. Naturally the account begins with Darwin. It then takes a backward look at Lamarck, who offered the first logical modern theory of evolution, but a theory built in part on the false premise of the inheritance of acquired characters. Then she proceeds to tell something about the work of the pioneers of evolutionary

THE AUTHOR: Ruth Moore, a woman who has been carrying on an affair with the last 500,000 years, can get pretty worked up by things like man, time, and fossils, which, as it happens, is the title of her first book. The other day in Chicago—she is a reporter on the staff of the *Sun-Times*—Miss Moore, an M.A. of Washington University at St. Louis, gushed with adjectives like "magnificent," "amazing," "wonderful," and "exciting" to describe the material on evolution from which she had extracted her story of the adventures of *homo sapiens*. "My material was magnificent," she began. "There is a sweep and a scope to it that not only stirs the imagination, but seems to lead on to undreamed-of insights into problems that we all must have felt deeply, though vaguely, and in an unformulated way. What are our origins? Why are we alike and why are we different? The material," she went on, clearly warming to her subject, "was also amazing. There were the most improbable turns and developments. What writer of science-fiction would have thought of having the bones of Peking Man disappear completely, and of turning their disappearance into a great and contentious international mystery?" So far as Miss Moore is concerned Chicago is about the only fossil around these days that can possibly upstage the Peking Man. "I cover almost any of the things that can and do happen here," she reported, noting that she had arrived in the Midwest a couple of years after working for the newspaper's Washington bureau.

Miss Moore went on to say that she lived in a tall, glass-walled building. It gives her a perfect view of Chicago, Lake Michigan, and scoops. The other evening, for example, she looked through one of her walls and spotted a scoop twenty-four stories below: cops chasing robbers. Miss Moore, abandoning science, phoned the office fast, turned in a running account. She then promptly returned to theories of evolution—Darwin's, to be exact, the subject of her next book.

—BERNARD KALB.

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theory. Here we have accounts of Giard, the French student of marine life; of Cope, the extraordinary paleontologist who was perhaps one of the brightest stars in the firmament of American science; of the Dutchman De Vries and his mutation theory, and of Gregor Mendel, the Austrian monk who founded our modern science of genetics. There is real drama in some of these brief biographical sketches. These were no ordinary men, and the story of their lifework is part of our modern cultural heritage. This section of the book concludes with the contemporary scholars Haldane, Fisher, and Wright.

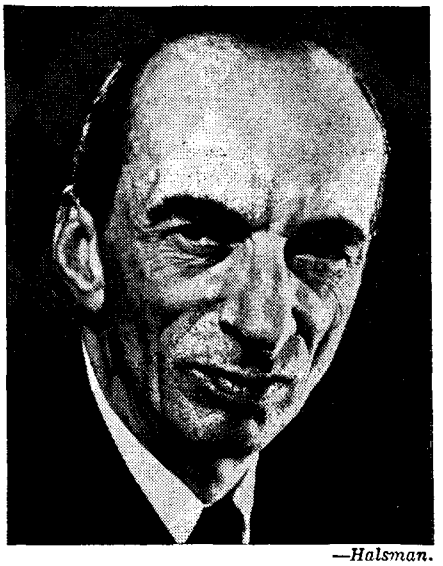
IN THE second part of the work, "Man's Buried Record," Miss Moore tells of the modern paleontologists and anthropologists who have dug up, studied, and interpreted the rare fossils that record the evolution of Man from his anthropoid ancestors. In this section particular emphasis is given to the work of Dubois, Koenigswald, Black, Weidenreich, Dart, and Broom. Here is a story centered around the fossil record of human evolution, as illustrated by the early "man-apes" from South Africa, Pithecanthropus from Java and China, Neanderthal man, Piltdown man, and some others.

Finally, there is a third section called "A Changed Theory of Man's Evolution," in which a variety of subjects come up for discussion. This section includes something about modern work on geologic time, under the direction of Adolph Knopf, about Kenneth Oakley's work in England on the fluorine dating of fossil bones, about Libby of Chicago and his Carbon 14 method of measuring comparatively recent fossils, and at the end something about the experimental work of Washburn on mammalian muscles and bone.

Not unexpectedly, a book that deals with so vast and important a subject as this leaves out many things. Miss Moore's account of the pioneers of evolution might have been enlivened by the inclusion of certain other early workers, she might have given more attention to some of the important students of evolution and of fossil Man who are here omitted or given short shrift: men such as Julian Huxley, Simpson, Mayr, Dobzhansky, Stebbins, Elliot Smith, Gergory, Osborn, LeGros Clark, Boule, and McCown. To this reviewer it seems that more might have been included about the work of these men at the expense of subjects that are treated in the third section of the book. Several typographical errors are apparent, the most amusing being one which places Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lady Hamilton in the latter years of the nineteenth century.

But these are minor criticisms. On the whole "Man, Time, and Fossils" is an outstanding book that will attract a deservedly wide public. We need more books like this to help the layman understand the intricacies of science and the work of scientists. We live in an age of science, and it is a pity that so much of the work that affects our daily lives and our modern thought is either unknown or poorly presented to the average reader. But that is an old story. Most scientists lack the leisure, and many the ability, to write popular accounts of their work. And when they do they labor under the handicap of a widely-held belief that science writing must be jazzed-up to be interesting. So they frequently leave it to the reporters.

It is good to find a reporter like Miss Moore, who can tell a story honestly. Yet even she falls into the reporter's error of trying to make things a little too dramatic when they don't have to be, which occasionally leads to a wrong emphasis of values and even to misstatements of fact. For instance, in discussing Broom's work on the early ape-men of South Africa she says that "the scientific world, which had relegated the ape-men to the category of pseudo-science ten years earlier, was awakened with a shock." This gives a false impression. The reviewer was never aware of any such entity as a "scientific world" that regarded the South African fossils in the realm of pseudo-science. It seems to me they were given serious consideration from the first. To the credit of Miss Moore, such lapses are infrequent in her book. The reader may take this book up with a feeling of confidence.



—*Halsman.*

Fairfield Osborn—"how to conserve?"

Babies and Babies

"The Limits of the Earth," by Fairfield Osborn *(Little, Brown. 238 pp. $3.50), is a consideration of the consequences of the Earth's expanding population to the human race and of ways in which the situation may be relieved. Below it is reviewed by William Vogt, chief of the conservation section of the Pan-American Union, national director of the Planned Parenthood Federation, and author of "The Road to Survival."*

By William Vogt

FIVE years ago, in "Our Plundered Planet," though he touched on the population problem, Fairfield Osborn was able to say: "The problem is how to conserve the remaining good natural soils that exist on the earth, together with the complementary resources of forests, water sources, and the myriads of beneficial forms of animal life. There is no other problem."

Now, in "The Limits of the Earth," a volume that marks a notable advance in the thinking of its distinguished author, he asks: "If we are to accept, as of course we must, the continuing and ever-greater boon that public health measures afford humanity, must we not take adequate steps to abolish the disastrous consequences of overpopulation, to which medical science is an unintentional contributor?"

Hundreds of leaders, governmental and otherwise, have privately recognized the inescapability of birth control. A few of them, notably an advisory committee to Harold Stassen, have gone on record that "the attack on problems of production must be combined with practical steps" to foster population limitation. Mr. Osborn's volume should help further to stiffen the rubbery knees of politicians, bureaucrats, and philanthropists.

Against the background of a world population increase of 93,000 per day —a more recent U.N. estimate than Osborn's 75,000—he sketches some of the main problems and solutions that have been advocated. His concern is, as it rationally must be, with multiple causation (including geography, resources, economics, folkways, etc.) and multiple cures (economic, agricultural, biochemical, etc.). His soft focus lens blurs these factors somewhat around the edges, but if there is one important criticism that might

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be made of the book it is, it seems to me, that the lens by centering on the food problem tends to detract from the cogency of other forces. Merely to produce enough rice or hybrid corn to keep another billion people alive will not solve the population problem, at least in a democratic world. There must be a sound structure, firmly based on a favorable resource-population ratio, that will provide—along with food—education, housing, communication, research, and living space, to mention only a few factors.

So far has Mr. Osborn's emphasis on food carried him along that he makes the following statement, strange indeed from the president of the Conservation Foundation: "There are untold stretches of salty wasteland bordering shores all over the world. Places like mangrove swamps, salt-water marshes, salt flats, which are not fit as they are for any agricultural purpose or much else, for that matter, often lie quite neglected."

To this many a conservationist, sensible of their beauty, will retort with a pious "Praise be!"; and a suggestion that art galleries, temples, and cathedrals all over the world might—granting the utilitarian approach—be converted into low-cost housing projects.

Osburn has meaty chapters on Africa and the Amazon in which he clearly and quietly debunks the claims that have been made for these areas as future stages for the miracle of the loaves and fishes. He brings the science-will-solve-all-that school up short with snubbing-rope of limiting factors usually disregarded by those whose remedy contains only one or two elements and neglects the total complex.

Facing up to the indubitably serious problem of dogma, he writes: "Speaking as a Protestant, I think it unjustified, indeed wrong, that those of other faiths should attack the Catholic attitude with a violence that is all too frequent." Whether he would approve non-violent attacks is not stated. But one could wish he had balanced his statement with a recognition of the economic, social, and political pressures brought to bear by Roman Catholics against proponents of birth control. Will the head of New York City's greatest zoo escape them?

Mr. Osborn might well have quoted the words of another scholar, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in 1860: "If government knew how, I should like to see it check, not multiply, the population. When it reaches its true law of action, every man that is born will be hailed as essential."

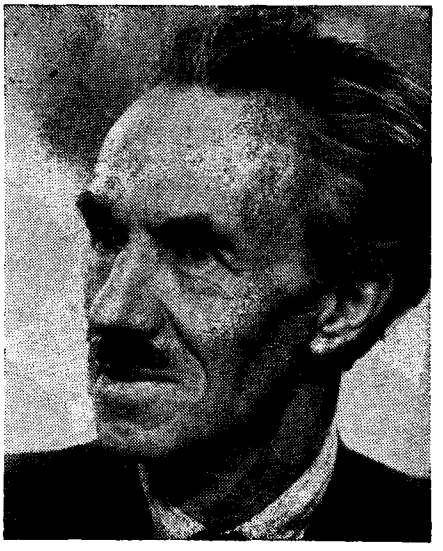
Skin and Pimples of a Planet

"Conversation with the Earth," by Hans Cloos *(translated by E. B. Garside. Alfred A. Knopf. 413 pp. $5.75), is a collection of essays and narratives about the field work of the author—a distinguished geologist—on three continents. Carroll Lane Fenton, who reviews it below, is the author of "The World We Live On" and other works on geology.*

By Carroll Lane Fenton

THERE are two ways of viewing the land and the rocks of which it is made. One way is romantic, emotional, uninformed; it takes unspectacular things for granted and sees others as animals, gnomes, human figures, or "formations" produced by strange and obscure cataclysms. The other way is scientific. Without denying man's emotional response to his world, it still seeks to recognize the nature of lands and the rocks that are in them, and to find logical explanations for both.

Hans Cloos, late professor of geology at the University of Bonn, was a man who applied the scientific method. He also was one of this century's foremost geologists, who greatly increased our knowledge of the processes that have wrinkled, broken, and shifted the earth's outer crust and have sent molten rocks into it or out upon the surface. Having spent more than three decades in research and teaching, Cloos undertook to present his discoveries for the benefit of non-technical readers. Chief results of this effort were an introductory "Geologie" (1944) and "Gespräch mit der Erde" (1947). The latter work is here presented in an English translation edited by Curt Dietz and Ernst Cloos, who is both the author's brother and a professor at Johns Hopkins University.



Hans Cloos—"increased our knowledge."

These facts are, or should be, significant. They tell us that the author was a man who had much to say—much derived from his own investigations rather than those of others. They also indicate that the translation is no slapdash product, made without competent supervision. Finally, they lead us to expect substantial and even novel content, presented with clarity and impeccable accuracy. "Conversation with the Earth" should excel in the very virtues which books by professional popularizers often lack.

"CONVERSATION with the Earth" is neither an autobiography nor an attempt to survey earth science. Rather, it is a collection of narratives and expository essays dealing with the author's field work on three continents, Java, and Borneo, interspersed with digressions such as an open letter to a former student, a visit to a museum, a criticism of library research, and the story of two geologists, who may be the author and his brother. There also is a sketch of Meteor Crater based on a hasty glance from a Pullman and some equally hasty reading in New York.

Yet in spite of trivia and digressions, there is solid substance in this book. To my mind, the most rewarding chapter is the one dealing with the rise of granitic rocks in what now is the Sierra Nevada, though others may prefer the account of exceedingly ancient formations in Scandinavia. Those who have read the author's technical paper "Der Erongo," and so have an orderly knowledge of the facts, probably will vote for the corresponding chapter here, which recounts the circumstances of Professor Cloos's first major discovery dealing with the rise of molten rock within the crust of our planet.

Unhappily, this chapter displays a double conflict that dominates the

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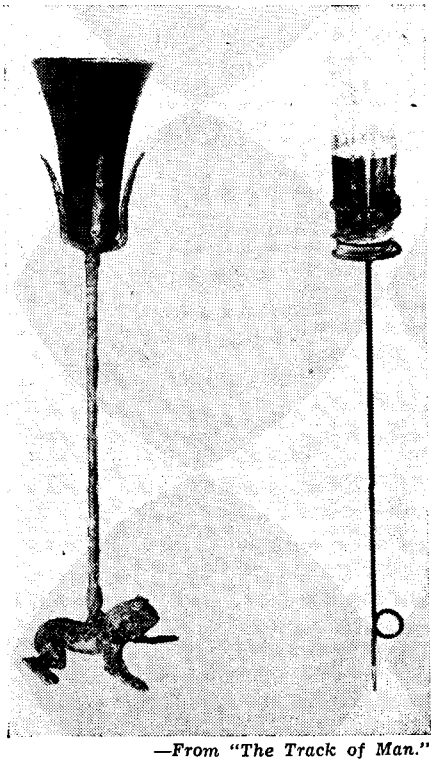
book and does it grave harm. Professor Cloos apparently writes for readers who are not geologists, for he puts many things into simple terms and avoids orderly treatment of all except a very few topics. In doing so, however, he often casts his facts and ideas in forms which only a geologist can fathom, and that by dubious alloy of inference and guesswork.

Equally disturbing is the presentation of science in emotional terms. Professor Cloos speaks slightingly of tourists who see gnomes in erosional remnants and sleeping princesses in mountains. Then he assures us that "geology is the music of the earth" and unleashes a flood of rhetorical questions, exclamations, and metaphors, but abstains from transitions, topic sentences, or even essential relative pronouns. Folds filled with granite become "sedimentary tree trunks [that] stood upright in the ground"; metamorphic rocks which (quite normally) lack fossils are apparent "bibliographic splendor" that proves to be "only frivolous mineral deception"; corals are "ants of the sea, patient coolies bringing tiny stone after tiny stone to raise some of the earth's highest mountains." The reader who wants sound information must seek it elsewhere, while the one who asks for intellectual pleasure turns to Bailey Willis, Howel Williams, or good old Hugh Miller, whose books still are outstanding examples of geology in clear and beautiful English.



—*From "The Track of Man."*

Lawn highballs: 550 B.C.—1953 A.D.

Blazes of History

***"The Track of Man," by Henry Field** (Doubleday. 448 pp. $5.95), is the autobiography of a well-born man who has devoted his life to the study of anthropology in the field and in the museum. Harry L. Shapiro, who reviews it here, is chairman of the department of anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History and author of "Migration and Environment."*

By Harry L. Shapiro

NO ONE has yet claimed that anthropologists are like poets—born not made, but some of them do the next best thing and get off to a very early start. Henry Field, whose recollections of his career as an anthropologist form the major part of the contents of "The Track of Man," was one of these precocious starters, for he does not recall how long the ruins of Kish had been the "El Dorado of his dreams." It seemed to him that the choice of being "a hunter along the track of man's mysterious past" had always been his. At the age of twelve he was already engaged in digging up Saxon graves with the assistance of workmen assigned to him as a birthday gift from his stepfather, the master of the appropriately named Baggrave Hall in Leicestershire, England. This predilection, so early manifest, was strongly reinforced the following year on a visit to Rome with his stepgrandfather, Thomas Nelson Page, U. S. Ambassador to Italy, who provided the young Field with a tour of the archeological treasures of Rome that was royally topped by a handsome gift from the Queen of Italy herself, of specimens excavated at Ostia.

The auspicious circumstances that confirmed Field's interest in early man continued during his schooling at Eton and Oxford. In 1925 when he was completing his studies at Oxford he unexpectedly received a $1,000 check from an uncle that enabled him finally to visit Kish in the company of his anthropological mentor, Professor L. H. Dudley Buxton. It was this trip that settled him in the area of his future activity, for the anthropological problems of the Near and Middle East, particularly those relating to the origins, migrations, and racial affiliations of their inhabitants, aroused his deepest interest and left him dedicated to the search for their answers.

The following years found Field nicely ensconced in the Field (now Chicago) Museum of Natural History, where he was fortunate to be able to achieve a pleasant balance between museum work and expeditions to the Near East, variegated by stopovers in diverse portions of Europe. During this period of his career he devoted much of his time to the development of exhibits illustrating the prehistory of man and the races of man, the latter with the cooperation of Malvina Hoffman, who executed the extraordinary series of bronzes that the hall features.

The war interrupted Mr. Field's anthropological activities, although he was able to put his training to good use in Washington in a number of projects which he describes in detail. With the war over Field was once again at his favorite occupation, roaming the Near East with calipers in hand and with an eye peeled for the flinty relics of ancient man.

The mileage covered and the list of places visited by Field in his unflagging searches are most impressive. Equally impressive is the catalogue of the names of the various people he met in the course of these activities. One can only conclude that Mr. Field has the gift of total recall or is in possession of an extremely detailed diary. In fact, sections of the book read somewhat like too close a rendering of a journal. Perhaps this accounts for the relative lack of general background on the natives and the overemphasis on the author's personal and social activities and the people he met.

ALTHOUGH the author has spent over twenty-five years measuring and observing the natives of Iraq, Iran, Arabia, and associated areas, and presumably has accumulated a vast corpus of data, certainly the most exhaustive ever attempted for this region, he has somehow failed to extract from this industry the broader commentary that might have engaged the general reader. This is all the more to be regretted since the book is an interesting one and might have been much more so with rigorous cutting of non-essential detail.

This is not, perhaps, the place to go into minor details, but Mr. Field should be informed that acromegalics, those sufferers of a disease of the pituitary gland, may and often do live beyond the age of thirty. I suppose, too, that one should not spoil a good story especially when it involves so distinguished a name as Franklin Delano Roosevelt's, but in the episode where Field describes a weekend visit at Shangri-la one wonders how he, seated in the third limousine of a cavalcade which FDR's car led, could have overheard remarks made by the President en route.

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—*From "North."*

The initial camp on ice-island T-3—"the Arctic still requires men, daring men and clever men."

The World's Nexus

***"North," by Kaare Rodahl** (Harper. 237 pp. $3.50), is a distinguished Arctic scientist's account of his studies, especially in respect to the floating ice islands near the North Pole. Our reviewer, Peter Freuchen, himself an Arctic explorer, has just published his autobiography, "Vagrant Viking."*

By Peter Freuchen

IT is said, and it is a fact, that the last ten years have taught the world more about the Arctic world than we ever knew before, after thousands of years exploration. The airplane did it.

It is also a fact that the Arctic has now been found to be essential to mankind, while in the past most people have looked at it as a mere playground for some adventurers or more or less crazy scientists.

"North" is the name of a new book written by one of those rugged Norwegians who through generations have added more and more to our knowledge of the Far North. Dr. Kaare Rodahl is a scientist and a trained traveler who knows many parts of the Arctic from first-hand experience. Besides all that, he can write. My, how he can write! His style is sober, but his book—meant to be a sort of reference book of the Arctic—reads like a most fascinating novel. He knows about history and animal life, he knows about oldtime techniques and about modern flying furnished with everything invention and skill have added in our time.

The book is concerned chiefly with Project Icicle, a U.S.-sponsored expedition to the Far North to discover the facts about the floating ice islands in the vicinity of the North Pole. The currents that flow from one continent to another leave large areas in the Arctic alone. Ice forms year after year, but moves very little; the islands drifting around the Pole may stay there for hundreds of years, or less.

That the high Arctic will some day play an immense part in the traffic of the world was realized long ago. The airplane took away the splendid isolation and now it is up to everybody working up there to make it easier and safer for travelers.

Kaare Rodahl certainly is not as widely known as he deserves to be. He ranks with the foremost of his countrymen. But these days there is relatively little publicity about Arctic exploration. It is because everything is controlled by the military. Everything must be as secret as possible. But it does not matter what it costs. Perhaps this is the great difference between then and now. Kaare Rodahl himself was a member of several of those expeditions where the financing of the voyage was the most difficult item to conquer.

This volume is illustrated with the finest photographs I have yet seen in a book of its kind. There is more to learn from it than I found before in any single book. It is written in a most interesting manner. It will prove to be a book of great importance wherever the Arctic is important.

But it is far from perfect. For one thing, I should say that the list of books referred to is rather insufficient. Dr. Rodahl ought to have read more of Wilhjalmr Stefansson's books. There is a man who knows about the Arctic, too. And also Sir Hubert Wilkins, who is not even mentioned in the bibliography.

I am making note of such minor things only because I am vain enough to correct such a great book on small items. For "North" is—I dare say it loudly—one of the best books from the Arctic I have read. It shows clearly that the Arctic still requires men, daring men and clever men.

Matto Grosso Suburbia

***"Amazon Town," by Charles Wagley** (Macmillan. 304 pp. $5), is a report on the culture and economy of a settlement of 3,500 in the farthest reaches of Brazil. Our reviewer, Earl Parker Hanson, is professor of geography at the University of Delaware and author of "New Worlds Emerging."*

By Earl Parker Hanson

THE vast and virtually "empty" Amazon basin, almost as large as the United States and possibly as wealthy in the abundance and variety of its natural resources, is an "underdeveloped" region which has repeatedly loomed as a potential frontier for development whenever the world —or some part of the world—thought it needed the region for its own strength and salvation. Our energetic, but tragically unproductive, effort to get rubber out of the basin during World War II is a case in point; UNESCO's postwar preoccupations with it, at a time when the world's prophets of Malthusian doom were wailing loudest about overpopulation and the need for new resources, is another. It is a sort of "wishing area" for the world.

Eminently "scientific" under Julian Huxley's early direction, the UNESCO Hylean Institute — concerned with problems of Amazonian development —sponsored a number of detailed studies in various parts of that great, beautiful, and fascinating region, designed to guide projected future programs of development. Charles Wagley's "Amazon Town" is the report of one such—a socio-anthropological study of a town (and surrounding region) of about 3,500 on the lower Amazon, apparently not very far from Belém. (The real name of the town

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and its exact location are not divulged —why, I don't know.)

Dr. Wagley is a trained anthropologist, and obviously a thorough worker. His introductory chapters, giving historic and cultural background, are accurate and lively summaries and evaluations of the existing literature, and reveal an excellent working philosophy. In his evaluation of the Amazon basin's chances for development, for instance, Wagley refuses to let himself be stymied by such nonsense as Huntington's environmentalism as applied to the tropics; he comes close to echoing the great principle enunciated by Puerto Rico's secretary of health, to the effect that "there is no such thing as tropical medicine, there is only a medicine of low standards of living, and another of higher"; he is well rooted in history, and knows that no region, no matter what its climate, can amount to much after centuries of brutal, exploitative looting. One trouble is that that rootedness, that awareness of Amazonia's ruinous background, seems to be lost or ignored when he comes to applying the disciplines of his chosen field to the study of the engaging little town which he calls Itá. As clearly as any document I know, this book demonstrates the shortcomings of the "scientific method" as it is too often applied today in any number of the social so-called sciences—including my own field of geography.

Not that Wagley hasn't produced a fascinating document with a good deal of value for those future workers who may wish to pay attention to it. His chapter on making a living in the tropics is no less dramatic for having been misnamed. It deals with the problems of fishing, tapping rubber and gathering other forest products, farming in stricken Itá and vicinity, and should have been called "Making a Living in One Small, Submerged, and Virtually Abandoned Part of the Great World Tropics." His chapters on social relations, family affairs, recreation, superstitions are pinpointed with and around a mass of detail, but are fascinating reading nevertheless, revealing many things which are peculiar to Itá, more which are peculiar to the Latin American cultures, and still more which are peculiar to half-abandoned towns everywhere.

The book is excellent reading for the serious student, and is especially recommended to anybody who deals with the Amazon basin, travels there, studies it, and wants to get at the details of what people think and do and feel in the region's many "ghost" towns today, barely surviving the 1912 debacle which put an end to the brutal

(*Continued on page* 39)

FICTION

New England Parable

John Hersey's "The Marmot Drive" *(Alfred A. Knopf. 273 pp. $3.50) describes the effort of a New England village to rid itself of an influx of woodchucks.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

THEMATICALLY and stylistically "The Marmot Drive" is a new departure for John Hersey, differing alike from the intelligent sentimentalism of "A Bell for Adano" and from the epic dimensions of "The Wall." The tale concerns a community drive to rid a New England town of a threatening colony of woodchucks. The village is named Tunxis, and the drive is reported to us through the sensibilities of a girl from New York. The climax of the story is an intentional anti-climax—the selectman who incited the drive is flogged for a crime he did not commit, after which he tries futilely to slaughter the few woodchucks that were captured.

Stylistically Mr. Hersey's prose has moved in a direction represented by the harsh name of the village. The style is concise, it is sometimes beautiful, and it is oftener intentionally harsh—as if Browning had taken over from Tennyson. I take it Mr. Hersey's intent is to capture the anfractuosities of village life through this pebbly surface, these gnarled place names and knotty speeches. Thus the area supposed to be swarming with woodchucks is Thighbone Hollow. Thus the selectman refers to his son as a "young runnygade." Thus a characteristic sentence is: "Expect to have some people raising hightantrabogus at the caucus tonight," wherein the succession of harsh consonants is intentional.

—*F. M. M. Warburg.*

John Hersey—"lot of meanings."

Mr. Hersey's fable may have a lot of meanings. On its surface the story is that of pride coming to a fall, inasmuch as the selectman, whatever the merits of his social service, recognizes no opinion as valid save his own, and is punished by the community he tries to serve. The community, however, is far from admirable, and it is in the relation of this fact to the out-of-door nature of the whole tale that gives rise to the puzzle of the story. You can, if you like, read it as a lesson in community blindness and community solidarity—even in community democracy. Or you can gloss it as a fable in cruelty—in the unexpectedly accurate language of the dust jacket, the "tensions and rigors" of the woodchuck drive "release a storm of impulses and long-hidden traits in the people involved." Or, finally, you can interpret the book in terms of Universal Pan—the causeless cruelty of nature, like the senseless peace of nature, comes and goes on a mysterious pattern of its own devising.

Is "The Marmot Drive" successful? I am puzzled how to answer this natural question. On the one hand, I think it uneven in tone; and I am not altogether persuaded of the validity of the *dramatis personae,* particularly of the girl, who seems to me now a girl and now an algebraic character in an uncertain equation. On the other hand, I found myself coming back to the work many times, thinking that I had missed some meaning as elusive as the selectman's woodchucks. I have a feeling that Mr. Hersey may have caught symbolism fever, a disease that carries with it an undue solemnity and a slowing down of narrative. I may well be wrong. If there is failure the failure may lie in your reviewer, not in Mr. Hersey; and if there is failure it is failure on a very high plane. I suspect "The Marmot Drive" will occasion a good deal of critical controversy.

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The Last Season

Alfred Hayes's "In Love" *(Harper. 212 pp. $2.75) is the story of a successful middle-aged man caught deep in a desperate infatuation.*

By Harrison Smith

WITH the publication of "In Love" there can be no question of Alfred Hayes's standing as a creative writer. He has proved, if proof was needed, to be one of our ablest novelists. Indeed, there is no one quite like him, for it is impossible to find in his works an echo from the past or a phrase that has been borrowed from someone else. At the age of forty-two he has turned out four novels, any one of which would have given him an enduring reputation. His brief war novel, "The Girl on the Via Flamina," apart from its prodigious success with the public, deserved the laurels that were heaped upon it. It is true that war novels have been the death of many of our younger writers and it was with some temerity that this reader opened Mr. Hayes's latest book, which was only too obviously concerned only with sexual love, an extremely difficult theme which has trapped many a good writer into a series of banalities or erotic crudities.

"In Love" is a haunting story of a strange passion that might happen to any man in any city. It is unique and at the same time it has the quality of universality. Mr. Hayes's lover is faceless and nameless, just a lonely man of forty sitting on a bar stool and talking to a pretty girl he had never seen before, compelled by some desperate and shameless urgency to tell her of his one and only love. He is not, of course, an ordinary man, for he speaks in the lucid and hallucinating prose that is Mr. Hayes's unique gift. He is a man tormented, for he sees no reason why he should exist or to what secret destination he is going.

He had met and parted from the girl he had loved. "We looked as much like lovers as lovers can," he said to his chance companion. "We can never restore for ourselves the reality of pain . . . too much feeling, finally, makes us experience a sensation of unreality as acute as never having felt at all." He looked like a man going somewhere and his tragedy was that he had nowhere to go. The only thing he hadn't lost was the ability to suffer. His only vice, he thought, was himself.

The girl he loved was a nobody, just a young woman living in a small untidy room alone, frightened that some prowler would break through the locked door and assault her. Her small white face and wide eyes made her seem pathetic and vulnerable. She was not interesting or otherwise unusual, but something about her held him in an iron grip, destroyed his manhood, and robbed him of courage. When they made love he did not know why she succumbed to him: when he talked to her he could not be sure she understood.

One night she met a man who had nothing to offer except his money. He glanced at her wistful eyes, her obviously small breasts, and promptly offered her a thousand dollars to come to his lavish apartment. She had a small daughter and for that reason or some sudden whim she visited him and soon found herself sleeping with two lovers. The tragic man in the bar was given his quittance and he suffered the torments of scorn and rage for the weakness that prevented him from forgetting her. Then one lonely night he heard her voice on the phone in his hotel room, and again he was her captive, wondering again whether he actually believed that only the possession of that particular body would ease the agony he had endured.

There is an amusingly tragic episode when they drive together to Atlantic City and she obstinately refuses to respond to his caresses. Again they separate and again come together. He soon discovers that she is constantly unfaithful and, furthermore, that her wealthy suitor has an unpleasant habit of biting her savagely. Failing in an absurd idea of blackmailing his rival he finally gives her up forever, and is then forever doomed.

"In Love" is in many ways a disturbing book for male readers. It is almost impossible to avoid thinking that this unknown man might be oneself, or almost any man of middle age, with a small reputation, some money in the bank, living at a convenient address, and his name in the phone book. "This look on my face," he tells the bored girl in the bar beside him, "you think peculiar to me, my hand here on this table real enough, all of me real enough if one doesn't look too closely." There is a fearful word for men who look like living creatures but are automatons going through the repetitive banal gestures that seem to prove that they are not in truth dead. "In Love" is about one of these zombies, an hallucinating and frightening and, in fact, thoroughly wonderful novel.

Spanish Flaubert

"Cousin Bazilio," by Eça de Queiroz *(translated by Roy Campbell. Noonday Press. 343 pp. $4), is the tale of a married woman's betrayal by her glamorous cousin, the work of the ablest Portuguese writer of the nineteenth century.*

By Thomas G. Bergin

JOSE MARIA EÇA DE QUEIROZ was the most gifted Portuguese writer of the nineteenth century, and his fame grows as the years pass. In the literary annals of his tiny but self-reliant fatherland one would have to go back as far as Camoens himself to find a figure of similar stature and universal appeal. Authentically Portuguese in origin and education (born in a small town in the north, he studied law at Coimbra), he was also a citizen of the world and was not only at home in London and Paris but traveled extensively in the Orient and even, through consular service in Havana, learned something of Latin America. His literary work, which was considerable for the relatively short span of his life (he died in 1900 at the age of fifty-five), was in the main concerned with aspects of Portuguese provincial life, surveyed with the objectivity of one who has learned that the world is wide beyond the Minho. He learned a good deal from French naturalism but added to it his own particular kind of compassionate irony. He is of the great company of nineteenth-century novelists, and Professor Federico De Onís is quite right in affirming that had he written in French or English he would be considered one of the greatest, most discerning novelists of his epoch.

Eça de Queiroz's "Cousin Bazilio," written in 1878, now appearing here in a new translation, will give the perceptive reader some idea of the power of this Lusitanian giant, though perhaps it may not do as much for him as his admirers might hope. The story itself has been compared to "Madame Bovary"; it tells of the seduction of a rather shallow young wife by her glamorous cousin, who takes advantage of her husband's absence to achieve his fell purposes and then abandons her. Exposure inevitably follows and the unhappy woman dies of chagrin and remorse.

The subject was a favorite one with nineteenth-century novelists, Latins in particular. What gives it distinction in the hands of the author is the careful study of the background of

(*Continued on page* 47)

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The Saturday Review

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Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
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The World Is Mixed Up

FLYING out of Beirut for Istanbul I sat next to a man who came on board well fortified with reading material. He had the latest *Harper's,* an airmail edition of the London *Times,* an Italian literary journal, and a new French novel. He spent about an hour and a half with his periodicals, then turned to the French novel. After another hour or so he closed his book. Observing a copy of Alan Paton's "Too Late the Phalarope" on my lap, he said he had ordered a copy and that it would probably be waiting for him at his home in Istanbul.

My well-read traveling companion, it turned out, was a Turkish businessman who manufactured chemicals. He had been educated in England and Germany and spoke five languages. He discussed American problems with what seemed to be a wealth of first-hand knowledge, though he said he hadn't been to America since he went there one summer as a college student eighteen years ago. He evaluated the record of the present Republican Administration with a sureness that would not have seemed out of place in the lounge of the National Press Club in Washington.

When I commented that I should be proud indeed to know as much about his country as he did about mine and that, judging from his reading materials, I was keenly aware of the inadequacy of my own education alongside his own, he said he did not consider his wide educational background exceptional.

"Here in Turkey it is either a little or a lot," he said. "Either you never get very far past the bare essentials or you go on to a fairly full Continental schooling, coming out with four or five languages. A quarter of a century ago in Turkey the gap was even greater than it is today. Then it was virtually nothing or everything. At that time maybe three-fourths or more of the people were illiterate. But with the growing Westernization of Turkey and the new educational reforms we've at least been able to raise our people quite a few notches above the average of the Middle East. Even so, there's still quite a gap today between the general educational level and the kind of education available to a comparatively small number of fortunate Turks who can afford the best schools in any part of the world."

I LOOKED closely at my companion. Until he told me he was Turkish I would have been hard put to place him. He was dark, but so are some Americans and Englishmen and Germans and a great many Frenchmen, Italians, Greeks, Poles, Rumanians, Czechs, Albanians, Yugoslavs, and Bulgars. I reflected that the magic of the melting pot was not confined to the United States. Wherever I had gone in Europe or Asia on this trip or on recent ones I had been impressed with the paucity of what used to be called "pure" national types or strains.

More and more the vast swirlings of peoples, whether through wars or the aftermaths of wars, or the tendencies of opposites to attract, were giving the entire world a melting-pot flavor. More and more, too, individual nations or cultures were having difficulty in defining what each used to consider the dominant physical characteristics of their peoples. The law of diversity was the great repealer. The major ethnic differences were no longer confined to national entities in their hostile or friendly dealings with each other. Now the big differences were to be found within the nations themselves.

In this sense a great unity was emerging in the world. It was a unity which enabled you to find virtually the same range of differences wherever you went. The dissolution of the geographic barriers, in terms of space and time, has been sudden and dramatic, but the vital ingredients of a shrunken globe have been in the making for many years. Each invasion, each wave of refugees, each mass migration has contributed to the grand mixture.

Ironically, it was generally the conquests attempted in the name of racial purity that did the most to create such varied chromosomatic brews. From the Aryan adventure in India almost four thousand years ago to the so-called new "Aryan" attempted conquests of a few years ago the power of the military has been constantly humbled by the power of the genes. Today in Germany no one knows how many hundreds of thousands of babies of American, British, French, and Russian fathers have been born to mothers who had earlier pledged themselves to German blood purity aiming at the creation of a master race. And Japan, which had sent millions of its colonizers into various parts of Asia after World War I as part of its attempt to rule the East, was eventually to have its transplanted millions return after World War II with children who resembled the "colonized" as much as the colonizers. Throughout its history Japan had prided itself on being not merely a nationality but a family; but now the family includes countless thousands of blond-headed children of American and Australian fathers. And the light-haired Japanese were now proving the ultimate fallacy of conquests attempted in the name of national or racial purity.

I thought of my traveling companion. He belonged to a nation that over the centuries had been the traffic center for two continents. Too often to count, the tides of empire swept back and forth over his lands. Every kind of conflict known to man—political, economic, religious, racial—had spilled its blood into the Bosporus. Istanbul became saturated with history, and so did its people, and their faces proved it. However homogeneous Turkey may be today in terms of its spirit or outlook, its human composition is plural. No wonder my com-

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panion looked like a summing-up of the human race.

IN THE conversation that followed, my traveling companion spoke of an aspect of his life not sufficiently recognized in Europe and America. It was the psychological barrier between the old and the new within the nation itself.

"Often I read about the tremendous gap that separates your world from Asia's," he said. "That is not where the biggest gap is. The biggest gap is the internal one. Consider my case—or the cases of many, many thousands like me.

"The world I belong to is not the world I was born in. The world I belong to is, shall we say, a state of mind. It is the world that taught me to think. This is not merely a matter of my having gone to school in England and Germany, or the fact that my father did the same. There was in my upbringing a certain atmosphere, a certain set of likes and dislikes, a certain capacity for satisfying our material wants that conditioned my thinking and my attitudes.

"As I say, I was hardly unique. All around me young people were breaking away from old traditions and habits. The interesting thing is that these people didn't have to study abroad in order to drift away from the old atmosphere. They made, shall we say, a new mark where they were. I can't easily define what this new mark is except to say perhaps that it had something to do with the circumstances that favored mental growth.

"I don't mean that all these people wanted was to become bookworms," he continued. "They believed in thought as an evolving force and they searched for as much fuel as they could get. They also saw some connection between thought and a more productive life for the country itself and in that sense they became political. But it wasn't only political or economic. They came to enjoy certain cultivated tastes in art or music or living in general.

"The rest of our country is now moving in this direction and in that sense our spirit may be said to have a youthful quality. But meanwhile there is this great gap—it feels like a thousand years—between what I can only call the learned and the unlearned. It sounds horribly snobbish. It is not meant to be. I feel no superiority because of my extended education. In many ways those who are poorly educated or not educated at all may be far wiser than I. But the gap exists nevertheless. And I don't mean to suggest that all those who belong to the learned share any single set of political beliefs or philosophy. It's just that their wealth has given them the means of acquiring the greatest treasure that life can provide—a rounded education.

"Incidentally, this gap is something I feel wherever I go in the world. In England I feel far closer to people who value books and ideas and the theatre than I do to my fellow citizens of Turkey who may not have had the same educational and material benefits as I. And I can't help noticing that the same gap exists within the English people themselves for the same reasons.

"I didn't mean to talk at this length, but I do want to make my main point. In America or Europe I am generally regarded as a mysterious Oriental. I find the strangest ideas about people who come from the Middle East or Asia. We're all supposed to do certain things and respond in certain fixed ways. The profound differences within Turkey are only superficially recognized. It is really quite remarkable to see all the nonsense that many of your scholars and philosophical writers dispense in supposedly learned books or lectures. People ask me, 'What is the Orient really like?' as though it were a fixed object you could describe like a statue.

"I would really feel a lot better if you could free yourself of that terrible sounding word 'Asiatic'—if only because the concept behind it is so hopelessly inadequate."

Turkey today is only one reflective part of a mixed-up whole. The fact of this mixture is one of the most massive facts about our time. Those who write or teach or preach cannot begin to project an understanding of the age we live in unless they learn the full anatomy of this fact. The use of catch-phrases such as "East" and "West" may have been fit for Kipling's world, but they do little credit to scholarship or philosophy or theology midway in the twentieth century.

—N. C.

Autumnal

By Raymond E. F. Larsson

WHAT hero? What hero is fallen?
By whose bier gather the watchers?
To whose fame the flute's wail?
Who from the walls' shadows
Was borne through the gates from the battle,
A sun in clouds hid, on the shields
Of his fellows? What captain,
What leader of battle?—Whom shall we lament
Who follow this path, grieving,
Eyes downcast, burdened by sorrow?
What hero? What hero is fallen?

The beech leaves, the beech leaves are fallen;
The oaks' leaves scatter, the maples',
The elms' leaves are wind-tossed;
Bare are the vines, branches
And brown at the roots are the leaves fallen
Ah, stained the ground tramped
With the stains of the plunder, the tree's boughs
Spill leaves now to the windward—
Whom shall we lament,
Who follow this path, grieving,
Eyes downcast? What captain so great?
The beech leaves, the beech leaves are fallen.

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LETTERS

RE: GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES

FOR THE BENEFIT of literary historians I should like to correct the record on the discovery and publication of that fabulous thing of magazine, book, stage, and screen, of Carol Channing and Marilyn Monroe, called "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Therefore I submit certain emendations to A. E. Hotchner's article "Gentlemen Still Prefer Blondes," originally published in the *Theatre Arts* magazine and reprinted in the August issue of *The Reader's Digest*.

According to Mr. Hotchner, Miss Loos in 1924 submitted, "as a joke," her manuscript "to Henry L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, the editors of *Smart Set*." To begin with, Messrs. Mencken and Nathan were not editors of *Smart Set* in 1924. They were editors of *The American Mercury*.

Mr. Hotchner goes on to say, "*Cosmopolitan did* buy the story but never printed it. The following year Henry Sell, editor of *Harper's Bazaar* [*Bazar* at the time], discovered it and persuaded Anita to expand the diary."

It happens that as the principal editorial associate of Ray Long, editor-in-chief of all of Mr. Hearst's magazines, I was a human weeping wall for the editors of the various magazines. So it was that in early September 1924 Mr. Sell came into my office weighing a manuscript in his hand. There were tears in his eyes.

"Look," said Henry, "Ray was out the other night with Anita and John [her husband, John Emerson]. He must have bought this when he was tight. It's so god-awful he doesn't dare publish it in *Cosmopolitan*. So he wants me to run it in the *Bazar*."

I clucked in sympathy.

"It just doesn't make sense," moaned Henry. "The story, I mean. It just doesn't make sense. It's crazy."

I commiserated.

Sighing, he made for the door, then came back to my desk.

"But that's not the worst of it. The title he's given the thing is terrible. Nobody will understand it. A catch phrase he found in the story. He wants me to call it . . . God help me . . . 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes'!"

Therefore, it wasn't a year after the manuscript was bought that Henry Sell discovered and published "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" in *Harper's Bazaar*. The opening instalment appeared in just about the first issue in which it could be scheduled, which was March 1925.

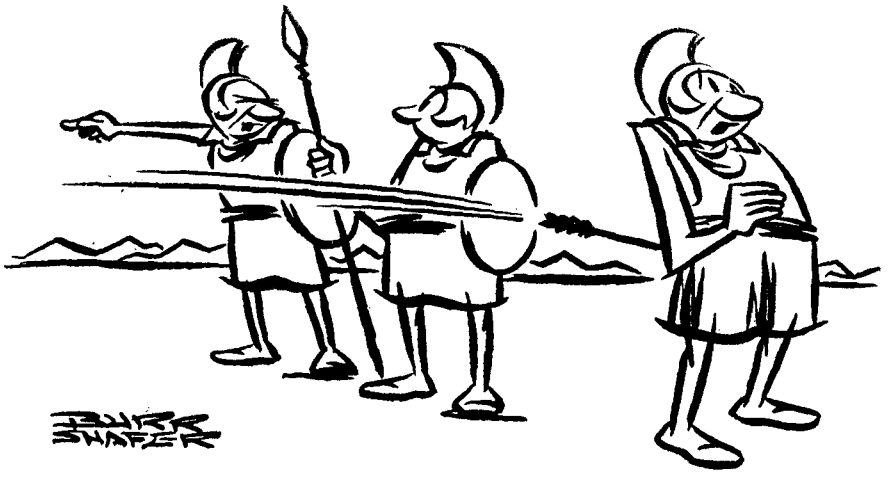
Now Mr. Hotchner writes, "The first instalment in *Harper's Bazaar* brought so many kicks from the brunettes that the second instalment ran under the title 'Fate Keeps on Happening'."

A monthly magazine could not possibly get responses from a feature published in any given issue in time to make editorial changes in the next succeeding issue. In this case, the April 1925 issue of *Harper's Bazaar* was already off the press. What most likely happened is that Mr. Sell was so unsold on the title "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" that he himself titled the four next succeeding instalments "Fate Keeps on Happening—An Illuminating Diary" and he called the sixth and last (August) instalment "Brains Are Really Everything—The Diary of a Professional Traveling Lady."

Yet, beyond the role of "discoverer," I wonder if Ray Long really evaluated the lasting brilliance of this diamond-in-the-rough that he so casually picked up and didn't publish in *Cosmopolitan* because, as he confessed to me afterward, he had thought it too brittle and too sophisticated for *Cosmopolitan* readers.

WILLIAM C. LENGEL.

New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Get that Parthian just going over the hill!"

SPOOFING REPORT

PLEASE, PLEASE belatedly repair some hurt feelings caused by reprinting a so-called letter from me [*SR* Sept. 19]. Specifically, please make clear that: (1) The disastrous example of what the book trade euphoniously calls an "autographing party" took place in a Middle Atlantic city, not in Florida (where a considerable number of books were sold!); (2) what appeared in *SR* was not a letter to the editor but a spoofing report to my publisher, who passed it on to *SR*.

EDWARD W. BARRETT.

New York, N. Y.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

AS THE LITERARY EXECUTOR of the late George Santayana, I hope to assemble as comprehensive a collection as possible of personal letters written by him to acquaintances all over the world. Santayana was a prolific and gifted correspondent, and I should be grateful for transcripts of letters written by him or, if necessary, for a loan of the originals. Every care will be taken of manuscripts entrusted to me, and original documents will be returned as soon as fair copies have been made. Please address them care of Brown, Shipley and Co., 123 Pall Mall, London S.W. 1.

DANIEL CORY.

London, England.

LABOUR M.P.

MAURICE EDELMAN, the author of "Who Goes Home," [*SR* Sept. 26] is not a Conservative M.P. as you state. He has been a Labour member since 1945.

MAX G. BETTELHEIM.

New York, N.Y.

HEARING AID ON

MY COMPLIMENTS on the excellent article "Does America Need a Hearing Aid?" by Robert Redfield [*SR* Sept. 26]. He had some very good, worthwhile things to say and he said them well. I listened.

MRS. L. H. WAGNER.

Green Bay, Wis.

READING VS. AUDIO-VISUAL EDUCATION

I SHOULD LIKE to add with regard to the frequently made charge that we do not teach children to read any more that the crux of the matter is not whether our young people learn to read in the first grade or not. In the old days if a child did not learn to read in the first grade he never had another chance.

Before this century a child could learn relatively little without reading. But now a child can through travel, television, recordings, pictures, and radio learn much more than was contained in the old public-school curriculum—and without ever reading a word. Now in most cases the reading child is not meeting up with things for the first time in his reading, but is merely matching written material with an earlier knowledge obtained through audio-visual education.

ELIZABETH PILANT.

Muncie, Ind.

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Fulcrum of the Republic

"Church, State, and Freedom," by Leo Pfeffer *(Beacon Press. 675 pp. $10), is a comprehensive consideration of the interrelationship between religion and government in the United States today and in the past. Willard L. Sperry, our reviewer, recently retired as dean of the Harvard Divinity School.*

By Willard L. Sperry

IN THE foreword to "Church, State, and Freedom" its author, Leo Pfeffer, quotes an eminent American jurist as saying, "The greatest achievement ever made in the cause of human progress is the total and final separation of church and state."

The phrase "separation of church and state" is no part of the American Constitution. It is at best an interpretation of the intention of the Founding Fathers and the result of their provisions. It has commonly been attributed to Thomas Jefferson and was used by him; recent evidence suggests that Roger Williams had anticipated him in its use. That these two very disparate men should have used this phrase suggests the divided emphases of all those who have used it from those days until now. For one type of person its value is political; for another it is religious.

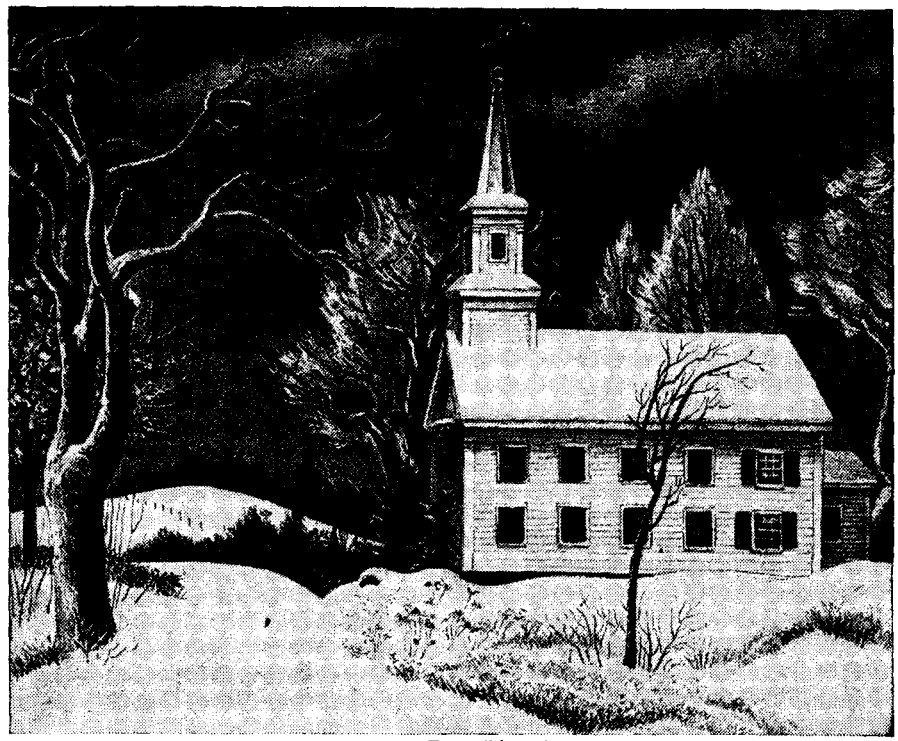
We have seen a good many books on this subject in recent years, some of them considerable in bulk and all of them serious. Mr. Pfeffer cannot be charged with patent partisanship in behalf of either church or state. He professes to be as dispassionate as is humanly possible in dealing with so highly controversial a subject. He is by profession a lawyer who has often appeared before the U. S. Supreme Court when it has been considering cases in this field. His pages are, therefore, heavily documented with citations from briefs or from court decisions. The more of such source material we can have the better for the whole situation.

If the Founding Fathers intended to abolish all intimations of an establishment their intentions were slow in being fulfilled. Massachusetts continued to contribute state money to the stipends of clergy until 1833. It is only in relatively recent times that litigation in the field has become a commonplace. It would seem that the provisions of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were not prophetically explicit enough to anticipate the various types of problem with which we are faced today. One might mention in this connection the various provisions for released time for religious instruction, for free bus transportation for pupils in church schools, for state aid to teachers in sectarian schools. The fact that court decisions in these cases are seldom unanimous —for instance, the verdict in the McCollum case was a matter of five justices against four—suggests not partisanship on the part of members of the Supreme Court, but an ambiguity or inadequacy on the part of the Constitution itself.

THE first two parts of Mr. Pfeffer's book cover the European and colonial background of church and state interrelationships. Another section deals with contemporary cases—in particular the Everson and McCollum cases. Much of this material is reasonably familiar. But every fresh appraisal of such cases is a contribution to the clarification of these issues. Mr. Pfeffer is to be thanked for a good deal of fresh source material.

In some ways the most interesting part of the book is its final section which deals with the problem of religious liberty presented by the more extreme small sect or by isolated individuals. There would seem to be many instances in which the claims of extreme freedom of conscience is not compatible with the well being of society as a whole. Has the state the moral right and duty to allow the citizen in the name of religious liberty to do harm to himself? What about the adherent to a snake cult who lets a rattler give him a fatal bite? Or with the parent who refuses to let a child be vaccinated or inoculated against disease or withholds a blood transfusion on the ground that this is a "drinking of the blood" prohibited by his religion? The Beacon Press has been much concerned with the defense of freedom, and of religious freedom in particular. Mr. Pfeffer plainly shares this concern and concludes his book with pioneering and exploratory consideration of these contemporary issues. Are there situations in which the appeal to conscience borders on a fanaticism that is, from the standpoint of the common good, indefensible?

The basic problem, of course, is not that of the relation of church and state, but that of the relation of religion and citizenship. It has never been possible to "separate" the two, whatever walls of partition we may build between the two institutions that are commonly supposed to represent them.



—From "American Prize Prints of the 20th Century."

"New Snow," by Ernest Fiene.

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Ministers or Gauleiters

"Apostles of Discord," by Ralph Lord Roy *(Beacon Press. 434 pp. $3.75), is a study of organized bigotry on the fringes of American Protestantism. Here it is reviewed by Harold E. Fey, executive editor of* The Christian Century.

By Harold E. Fey

BY SOME curious twist in human nature, the promoters of hate and disruption seem to find it necessary or at least desirable to cloak themselves in the religion of love and cooperation. So long as this pretension was individual and sporadic it did little harm and could safely be ignored. But now the apostles of discord are learning to systematize and put into mass production their neuroses and to distribute them across the nation through the media of mass communication. So they have got to be understood and dealt with, for they are already doing considerable harm and may, in this time of national tension, do much more.

Ralph Lord Roy's "Apostles of Discord" is the first attempt at intelligent analysis and dispassionate exposure of the extremist fringe of American Protestantism. It succeeds remarkably well, in spite of the often ephemeral and always shifting patterns of persons and ideas in this strange and troubled area of American life. Its first problem is to select those persons and groups which properly belong in this category. In a few cases organizations are included mainly because they are centers of controversy, the author specifically disclaiming that they belong with the hate groups. In others his descriptions indicate that a few groups operate on the borderline between the proper use and the abuse of freedom. But in most cases no doubt exists in the author's mind, and none will remain in the mind of the reader, that he is accurately describing enterprises which range from fanaticism on the make to religious racketeering. Considered singly they provide appalling evidence of the persistence of ancient animosities. Taken together they constitute a mighty challenge to Protestant Christianity to set its own house in order and to the nation to maintain intact its wall of church-state separation.

The book is about evenly divided between the "ministry of hate" and the "ministry of disruption." It makes the important point that the emergence of each was occasioned by significant advances in the life of the churches. The hate groups have increased in virulence as a reaction to successful efforts in all Protestant churches to break down attitudes of hostility to Negroes, Jews, and Roman Catholics. The groups whose aim is disruption have risen because for more than a generation now the trend in Protestantism has been away from sectarian fission and toward church union and integration. The National Council of Churches and the ecumenically minded leaders of most denominations thus become the targets for sectarians who seek to wreck and discredit a growing cooperation. Here these disrupters and hatemongers, who usually turn their suspicions into a handsome profit for themselves, are named. Their organizations are objectively described and their methods and range of outreach accurately pictured. The special problems of the Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, and some other denominations are illuminatingly analyzed.

BUT Mr. Roy, whose courage is boundless, does not stop there. He devotes a chapter to Communist attempts to infiltrate and control the churches and then makes a 180 degree turn and in another chapter shows how the "libertarians"—extreme economic individualists—are using the same methods to attain the same end. Both groups, he says, have made some progress in subverting the churches to their materialistic ends. Mr. Roy, a Methodist minister who describes himself as a Republican, a supporter of the present Administration, and a "confirmed internationalist," thinks Communist influence among Protestants "has fallen off sharply and today church leaders are on their guard against current attempts by fellow-travelers to regain lost ground." On the other hand, he thinks "there is grave danger that by vague and emotional appeals to 'freedom under God' —channeled through mass media that only big money can afford—Protestants will be lulled into complacency while aggressive 'libertarians' try to rob the nation of its cherished inheritance."

An important feature is found in the thirty-eight pages of notes and the twenty-three pages of index at the back of the book. Here is found further evidence of the extensive research that preceded and accompanied the writing of this substantial volume. Here also are some interesting stories, like that of the good bishop of one of the splinter groups who "became uproariously drunk and distributed free Ph.D.'s to the entire audience."

"Apostles of Discord" will be particularly valuable to journalists and program arrangers for radio and television, who must often make decisions concerning the handling of news events involving the abusers of freedom which it describes. It will be indispensable to community leaders in education, religion, and public affairs, who may find themselves on the receiving end of attacks using the red smear and the big lie with the dismaying effectiveness being developed by organized hate and disruption. It should be on the desk of all Congressmen, for they seem to have a particular aptitude for being taken in by publicity-seeking sectarians and religious racketeers. In particular, it should be made compulsory reading for the House Committee on Un-American Activities, which is being used as a tool by the American Council of Christian Churches, one of the most disreputable of the organizations herein described. And it should be useful to businessmen and other Americans who are often asked to support "good causes" which sometimes turn out to be rackets.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 542

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 542 will be found in the next issue.

KZUCXN TCAN PLTO UYO

OCUWLYOX LGNX CVX

HUTIN LYTE VL CVX

XQUZQCVE. — XUWINT

BLRYXLY.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 541

Martin, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold!—Charles Lamb

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The Old Church Speaks

"The Catholic Church and the American Idea," by Theodore Maynard *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 309 pp. $3.50), considers, in divers ways, the role of the Roman Catholic Church in American life today and in the past. Below it is reviewed by George N. Shuster, president of Hunter College and onetime managing editor of* The Commonweal.

By George N. Shuster

THEODORE MAYNARD has written frequently and ably about Catholic personages, problems, and attitudes. His newest book, "The Catholic Church and the American Idea," is a sort of liqueur distilled from this research and drunk to the health of all those who believe that while Catholics form what is called a minority of the American public they will do nobody else any harm and can indeed be relied upon to become citizens whom it is useful to have around. The author is a man who readily speaks his mind about friend and foe, but in this instance his remarks are nudges with the elbow rather than punches to the body.

Since both France and Spain were early crowded out of what is presently the United States, at a time when British colonists were predominantly Protestant, the first Catholics came in through the back door, save in Maryland where they settled by sufferance. Those of them who were on the scene apparently gave a good account of themselves during the Revolution. Soon, however, trouble was a-making. On the one hand, some Protestants grew alarmed at the number of Irishmen who came in by the immigrant route and started the Know-Nothing movement, which spread through certain sections of the country like an epidemic. On the other hand, divers groups of Catholic newcomers, each with its own tradition and often with its own language, differed as to what the role of the Church in this country was to be and proceeded not only to question the orthodoxy of others but to exchange irate epithets with them. This fairly normal concomitant of immigrant experience could have been ignored as being just another kind of social readjustment had it not been for the specter of "Americanism" which flitted about in Europe and elicited some courteous but troubled reflections from Pope Leo XIII. Much has been written about the matter, but it seems to me that few have dealt with it more ably, though succinctly, than has Mr. Maynard.

The second section of the book is beyond any question the most controversial, and is bound to be viewed by some of its readers with benevolent or sardonic suspicion. It deals with the various immigrant groups which today constitute the Catholic population—the Irish, the Germans, the Italians, and the rest. Such a survey is badly needed, but I have a feeling that once Mr. Maynard had got his teeth into it he began to wish he were chewing on some other morsel. These chapters are, in short, relatively innocuous for so forceful and outspoken a writer.

It is to Mr. Maynard's final chapters, which attempt to evaluate the Catholic contribution to American life, that many will return again and again with satisfaction. They discuss questions which have been asked innumerable times by friend and foe. What is the Catholic effort in education, and how is the contribution made by religious orders and other bodies to social welfare to be evaluated? Above all, is there a Catholic culture and what is to be said concerning it? Many have tried their hands at answering these queries. Sometimes their comment has been fairly mordant, and upon other occasions it has smacked not a little of self-adulatory sugar-coating. Mr. Maynard stands a little above their battle. Sometimes he is rather outspokenly critical: "The thirty million Catholics here have made much less of a dent upon the intellectual consciousness than have a tenth of their number in England." And again he is fairly proud of the achievement: "Even those who have slight appreciation of the spiritual values of Catholicism are not likely to deny the immense contribution that the Church has made to social good."

There is, of course, much to differ about here, but the discussion is of a high order of intelligence and is conducted with a courtesy few will not sense. Were it only for the wide reading which underlies it the book would be a memorable achievement. It is, however, to be cherished primarily because it offers the mature views of a man who may occasionally mount an unnecessary barricade but who is a good soldier even so, having much sound courage and more sound wit.

A Haunting Retreat

"With God in Red China: The Story of Two Years in Chinese Communist Prisons," by F. Olin Stockwell *(Harper. 256 pp. $3),* ***"Calvary in China," by Robert W. Greene*** *(G. P. Putnam's Sons. 244 pp. $3.50). and* ***"Nun in Red China," by Sister Mary Victoria*** *(McGraw Hill. 208 pp. $3.50), illustrate the conflict currently going on between Communism and Christianity in China. The three volumes are reviewed below by Kenneth Scott Latourette, Sterling Professor of Missions and Oriental History Emeritus in Yale University and author of "The Chinese: Their History and Culture" and other works.*

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

A STRIKING and tragic phase of Communist rule in China is its effort to curb Christianity. In theory the Communist regime holds to religious liberty. Indeed, it loudly proclaims its espousal of that principle. In practice, however, it is antagonistic to religion. This is to be expected. Marxist Communism is atheistic. It holds that belief in God and the supernatural is contrary to fact and is superstition. It insists on bringing all of life to conform to its pattern and will not willingly brook any organization or movement which it cannot control. In China Communists have set themselves to eradicate what was long the dominant way of life, Confucianism, with its religious overtones. Of this the attempt to root out that chief Confucian virtue, filial piety, is an outstanding example. In contradiction to the age-long reverence of children for their parents, Communists have set youth to denouncing their fathers and have placed loyalty to the Communist society and state above that to the family. They have hastened the decay of Buddhism and Taoism, long under way and accelerated by the corrosion of modernity. They have done this by confiscating the lands held by monasteries as endowments, by occupying for their purposes many of the temples, and by requiring numbers of the monks to earn their living by what the Communists deem "useful" occupations.

The Christian churches and especially the missionaries have attracted the particular attention of the Communists and have evoked vigorous measures. Although Christians number only about one out of a hundred

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of the population, they have been increasing rapidly. In the present century Christianity has been the most vital of the religions represented in China. Moreover, the churches have ties with that West which Communism regards as its mortal enemy. The Roman Catholic Church has been pronounced in its antagonism to Communism and the tie of Catholic Church in China with the Papacy seems to Communists to be sinister and a threat to the Revolution. Many Catholic and the majority of Protestant missionaries are from the United States and, notably after the outbreak of war in Korea, the Communist Government has been unrelenting and bitter in anti-American propaganda. It has, accordingly, striven to sever all the connections between the churches in China and the West. It has sought to induce Catholics to renounce their allegiance to the Pope. It has insisted that Protestants have nothing to do with the World Council of Churches or other phases of that Ecumenical Movement which is increasingly drawing Protestants and the Eastern churches together in a worldwide fellowship. Making clever use of the announced purpose of Protestant missions to bring into being churches which will be self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating, the Chinese Communist regime has insisted that this goal be reached at once, and that no further help be received from abroad, either in money or personnel. Almost no Protestant missionaries are left and the large majority of Catholic missionaries are gone. Much of this has been through voluntary withdrawal.

SCORES of missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, have been imprisoned on charges, all of them false, ostensibly unconnected with religion and consistent with the professed policy of religious liberty. Among these accusations has been acting as agents for the United States Government, of being representatives of Western imperialism, and, in the case of Catholic nuns having the care of orphanages, of murdering infants. The Communists have sought by these accusations to discredit with the masses missionaries and their faith. They have played on the long-standing resentment against the encroachments on China's sovereignty by foreigners. They have not executed missionaries, for they appear to believe that this would be interpreted as martyrdom and from their standpoint have an unhappy rebound. By torture short of death they have sought to extract "confessions" of guilt. On occasion in public "trials" they have condemned missionaries, and then, with a gesture of clemency, have commuted the death penalty to expulsion from the territory of China.

Three recently published books are vivid autobiographical narratives of the implementation of this policy. "With God in Red China" is by an American Methodist missionary, F. Olin Stockwell. Mr. Stockwell first came to China in 1929, served in South China for five years, and for fifteen years lived in West China. He went through the years of the Japanese invasion and shared the difficulties of Chinese and foreigners in the unoccupied areas. Arrested by the Communists in Chungking late in 1950, he was in prison for nearly two years. Fourteen months were in solitary confinement. He was accused of being a spy for the United States. His years of service in China were interpreted as having been devoted to corrupting the Chinese people by indoctrinating them with what his accusers declared to be Western "imperialistic" culture. He was subjected to "brainwashing" and a course in Communism. Following many exhausting questionings, denunciations, and lectures, after preliminary drafts he drew up and signed a "confession" which seems to have satisfied his judges, and he was deported to Hongkong. Much of his book was written while in prison and the last chapter shortly after his release. His little volume is not just an autobiography. It also contains descriptions of fellow prisoners, accounts of conditions in China, and something of the teachings and procedures of Chinese Communism.

"Calvary in China" and "Nun in Red China" are by "Maryknollers," representatives of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Both depict conditions in South China. Both describe the coming of the Communists, the initial partial freedom to continue the work of the mission, the progressive restrictions, and then the imprisonment and the trial of the Missionaries. For the priests there was torture as well as prolonged examinations and accusations. For the nuns there were indignities and unspeakable hardships. "Calvary in China" is a first-hand account under its author's own name, Robert W. Greene. "Nun in Red China," by Sister Mary Victoria, is a faithful record of the facts and is also in the first person, but to protect Christians still in China it disguises persons and places.

All three books are vividly written. They combine to give a somber picture of the treatment meted out to missionaries, whether Protestant or Catholic. Here are fresh chapters in the Christian book of martyrs and insights into Communist attitudes and methods in the stupendous revolution which is being enacted in China.

The Church's Purity

THE CHURCH AND THE SCHOOLS: In a vigorously written book, **"America's Way in Church, State, and Society"** (Macmillan, $2.50), Dr. Joseph Martin Dawson touches on many of America's problems: our economic life, our race problem, marriage and the home, war and peace. But as a good Baptist, standing in the tradition of Roger Williams, he is chiefly concerned with maintaining "the wall of separation" between Church and State. "America has staked her very existence on this unique principle," he quotes approvingly from a Supreme Court decision. Our democracy, our freedom, and all that life holds dear are dependent upon keeping the Church—any church—from securing any financial aid from the Government, directly or indirectly, and, in particular, from laying pious hands upon the public school. For this thesis Dawson really carries the torch.

He deeply resents the equating of "the secular" with materialism and anti-religion. "Secular" affairs concern the interest of the community as a whole and are without prejudice conducted apart from its religious elements. "State schools have only banished indoctrination of sectarian religion and not instruction about religion," he maintains. He further points out that no court decision has ever hinted that the public school could not have religious teachers and teach about religion to their hearts' content.

But then Dawson confesses that a common core of religious beliefs acceptable to all faiths has not been found. So the practical effect in most public schools is that religion is ignored. We do not teach religion in our schools because of a justifiable fear of sectarianism. And we are not even teaching the pupils anything *about* religion. Many young Americans therefore are being trained to give to religion the importance attached to it in our schools, which is none at all.

To be sure, the church and the home are responsible for much of the current indifference to religion. But the schools could be more of an aid to the church and the home.

It is this reviewer's conviction that this can be done without violating the principle of the separation of Church and State. But to accomplish this delicate task we need the help of those who are as much concerned with the spiritual illiteracy of our children as they are with the maintenance of a particular interpretation of the Constitution of the United States. —KENNETH D. MILLER.

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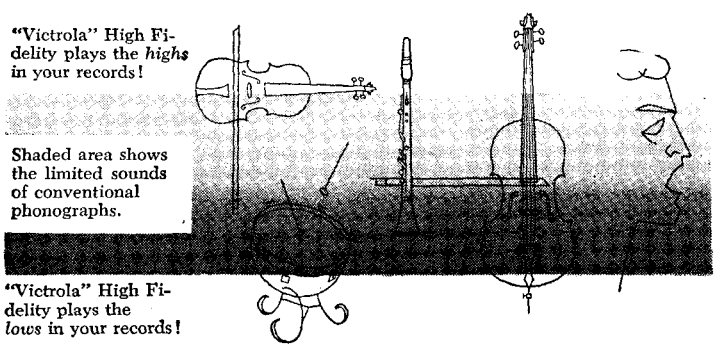
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Gloom Service

"THE LADIES OF THE CORRIDOR" takes its title from a line in T. S. Eliot's "Sweeney Erect." It also borrows from that distinguished poet his habit of looking at life as the pathetic and useless thing it has become for some groups in our society. What it fails to carry over is Mr. Eliot's verse inventions, which make his later plays skate along smoothly over some fairly profound mysteries. This is unfortunate, for Dorothy Parker and Arnaud D'Usseau have chosen a wonderful subject for their elegy. Their examination has been thorough and unflinching. And they have come up with some clever lines with which to relieve the gloominess. However, they keep sinking back to the level of the lonely hotelized ladies' drab existences.

There are: Lulu Ames, a fiftyish widow transplanted from Akron to New York who sums up her married life with "the days were slow, but the years went quickly"; the arthritic Mrs. Nichols, who describes her husband as "sweet, not strong, but—sweet"; Mildred Tynan, an alcoholic in her thirties whose dream husband turned out to have a list of "call girls, and whips in the closet"; Mrs. Gordon, a kleptomaniac at Woolworth's who believes "there's never any good behind those 'Do Not Disturb' signs on the door"; and Mrs. Lauterbach, whose major crises in life are whether or not she'll be invited to her son-in-law's for Thanksgiving and deciding whether the coffee is better at the Normandie or at the Esquire.

There is one other lady who dwells at the Hotel Marlowe, but she cannot be described as a lady of the corridor. She has had a happy and functional married life with healthy outside interests. When her husband died she went back to work. Her viewpoint is practical and courageaus—"Life doesn't treat me fine; life and I go dutch"—and obviously the authors point to her as an example of what the others might have been. In fact Lulu Ames, as a newcomer, has the choice of emulating this contemporary specimen of Shaw's "unwomanly woman" or of joining the other domiciled derelicts. As one of them says to her, "Keep going as long as you can, dear, but remember we're here waiting for you."

There are two younger men (*circa* forty) involved. One, Mrs. Nichols's son, who must spend all his time taking care of his invalid mother except for a daily visit to the zoo for a communion with his caged brothers; the other, a bookstore proprietor who has an affair with Mrs. Ames despite the fact that she is his senior by at least a decade.

This is quite an assortment of characters to define and resolve in a play, and the interweaving job takes us through a dozen scene-shifts. For the purpose Ralph Alswang has contributed a series of sets which not only change with astonishing celerity, but all reflect the dinginess of the carpeted life in a small New York hotel. Scenically at least the whole play takes place in the same establishment.

While the results are as relentlessly grim as a Lillian Hellman third act, and accurate enough so that thousands of women will see a part of themselves in these hallway harpies, one is apt to miss much celebration of their suffering. Amanda in "The Glass Menagerie" is just as miserable and deluded, but yet we feel a real soul struggling there. Tennessee Williams's enemy is not the human being but the conventions that drive her into a dim and nasty life. In "Ladies of the Corridor" we feel that these women are almost deliberately responsible for their own condition. They have committed the sin of devoting themselves blindly and completely to their husbands and to their children without attempting to find larger and more useful interests for themselves. Their husbands and their children do not want such all-exclusive devotion and resent the obligation it puts them under. Since it is demonstrated that these mistakes are occasionally avoided, "The Ladies of the Corridor" is an object lesson for those who can still escape becoming one.

—*John Erwin.*

Edna Best—"brilliant . . . subtle moments."

There is also a lesson for Marxists, as the authors poke fun at them with an amusing scene in which a stodgy husband, shocked at the fact that a widow might spend his hard-earned money with another man, advocates the East-Indian custom of burning the widow on the funeral pyre of the deceased husband. "Why not just burn the money?" quips the realistic woman. The suggestion is not anti-capitalistic, but merely a plea for fuller and less incestuous living.

While the cast of "The Ladies of the Corridor" is individually excellent, director Harold Clurman has made the error of calling together in one play several different styles of acting. Edna Best, one of Britain's most generous gifts to the American stage, is most brilliant with acid lines and subtle moments of self-realization in the role of Lulu Ames. Walter Matthau, as her lover, is at his best either when being brutal and external or when he is getting off a tart rejoinder to Mrs. Ames's admission that she really doesn't know how to read books ("Thank God that doesn't stop most of my customers"). Margaret Barker plays the unwomanly woman with grass-roots warmth and cosmopolitan *savoir-faire*. Frances Starr, as the invalid Mrs. Nichols, performs in the best Belasco tradition. The scene where she blackmails her son into tearing up a letter which would have meant a job and a life of his own has great theatricality.

Sheppard Strudwick's quiet portrayal of the son will burn deep into the subconscious of any man who has allowed himself to be spoiled by his mother. Betty Field, who plays the dipsomaniac, gives the kind of natural and dynamic performance we associate with the Group Theatre. Since her husband, Elmer Rice, once wrote a long soliloquy for Mr. Zero in "The Adding Machine," the authors have here retaliated by giving his wife a similarly long soliloquy on the general theme of "I'm a mess." The scene in which it occurs concludes with a bellboy (played by the neanderthalian Lonny Chapman) suggesting that she take a running jump for herself; her doing exactly that results in one of the most improbable stage suicides in theatre annals.

As a result of this heterogeneous casting "The Ladies of the Corridor" tends to disintegrate into a series of vignettes. Yet this, like "The Autumn

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Garden, is one of those plays which you will kick yourself for missing, even though it misses the kick it could have had with more interweaving and less intercasting.

IF WIDOWED life in New York has its gloomy aspects, so does the "happily married" variety. Nathaniel Benchley in his **"The Frogs of Spring"** has tried to write a naturalistic comedy about the leisure life of two families living in adjacent Manhattan brownstones. Because he views his subjects truthfully, he finds not much more than small talk, petty conflicts, and juvenile aimlessness. Such attributes may make excellent material for artificial comedies into which the playwright puts his own wit and style so that the conversations become infinitely brighter than they ever were in real life. But reproduced faithfully they are only occasionally humorous, and being almost storyless—the only real event of any consequence occurs offstage and by accident—the action is insipid.

What humor there is is supplied by Barbara Baxley, Haila Stoddard, and Roland Wood, as they find that inhaling helium will make your voice sound as if you had a bad head cold and were speaking over an old-fashioned telephone; Mary Grace Canfield and Fred Gwynne, as they discuss in delightful deadpan one of the least promising marriages in history; Hiram Sherman, who makes some rather ordinary dialogue funny by speaking as if he suspects there's more to it all than he can fathom, but at the same time demonstrating that there obviously isn't; and Anthony Ross, who has a moment of hilarity as a man with a hangover forced to natate in his homemade pool.

Perhaps Mr. Benchley is right and these apparently meaningless trifles are all there are to lower upper-class urban existence. However, merely reporting the details isn't funny enough. In fact it is downright depressing.

AN off-Broadway production at the Greenwich Mews Theatre is worthy of mention. The play is George Tabori's **"The Emperor's Clothes,"** which though it had only an abbreviated run on Broadway last season was picked as one of the ten best plays of the year in the current edition of "The Best Plays of 1952-1953." There are many shortcomings in the downtown production, but under David Pressman's wise direction it comes closer to what the playwright intended. Despite a policy of interracial casting, and having women play the children's roles, there is more unity in acting styles, and all the characters are involved in the same simple story of a mortally weak man who in crisis lives up to the heroic picture his little boy has painted of him.

—HENRY HEWES.

Yet Words Are Flower and Leaf

By Elizabeth Coatsworth Beston

NOT a bird will shorten his song,
not a hyla be still
because of any sorrow
or mortal ill.

Expect no pity from bud
or opening leaf;
the rains have no business with men
or man's long grief.

Yet words are flower and leaf,
hyla and bird
and the heart shall know relief
at the touch of a word.

Drama Book Note

KRONOLOGY: Since Louis Kronenberger is one of our most intelligent drama critics, and Al Hirschfeld one of our most perceptive caricaturists, it should come as no surprise that **"The Best Plays of 1952-1953"** (Dodd, Mead, $4.50) is an improvement over past volumes in the series they have taken over. Mr. Kronenberger, being international-minded, has jettisoned the old sections on the season in Philadelphia, Boston, and San Francisco in favor of new sections on London and Paris. The London article by twenty-six-year-old Ken Tynan, scintillating young critic of the *Daily Sketch* who speaks of Pinero as if he were a contemporary, discusses in a highly personal manner a great many plays and performances of interest to Americans. The Paris section, on the other hand, is a more objective round-up by André Josset, secretary-general of that most helpful organization, the International Theatre Institute.

Other innovations are the inclusion of *Variety*'s tabulation of financial flops and hits, a selected drama-book list, and of course the bull's-eye caricatures by Hirschfeld. In addition, the photographs include some artists' sketches of scenery and costumes which seem to reproduce much better than the old publicity stills.

Mr. Kronenberger's own evaluation of the Broadway season contains much wisdom and wit. Particularly amusing and apt is his description of Rosalind Russell in "Wonderful Town." He says, "She does fine as a kind of sore throat."

—H. H.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"The Trial" in an English Production

NEW YORK in late October had more than a touch of Salzburg in early August, with Gottfried von Einem's "The Trial" having its first showing in English at the City Center and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf making her American debut in a song recital in Town Hall. Each had its substantial resemblances to, and notable differences from, the equivalent events abroad during the summer.

As a production Otto Preminger's arrangement of the Kafka matter treated by Einem (the libretto is by Boris Blacher and Heinz von Cramer) is better keyed to the unreality of the whole mood than the more realistic production of Oskar Schuh in Salzburg. Something is gained in intelligibility (for the English-speaking listener) through the English version of the Martins, at some sacrifice to the composer's setting of the German text. Joseph Rosenstock's direction of the orchestra was less overbearing and more pungent than that of Karl Böhms; the reduced complement of players also made for less of a wall between performers and public than in Salzburg.

The performance, in all, was decidedly City Centerish, meaning that nobody was very good and nobody very bad. Indeed, all the small parts seemed uncommonly well performed because the big ones were not too well performed. John Druary was a sympathetic but vocally limited tenor as Josef K, Phyllis Curtin uncommonly good as his recurrent sex interest. Lawrence Winters, Michael Pollock, William Wilderman, Leon Lishner, and Ralph Herbert were all excellent in a variety of small parts. The action was surrounded by a menacing setting by Rouben Ter-Arutunian of city walls with innumerable small windows suggesting offices or apartments. The particular localities were indicated by platforms and movable sets within this frame.

The consideration of performers rather than what was performed has been given first place so as to clear the ground for the major concern: namely, the staying power of "The Trial" as it impresses on a second hearing under vastly different conditions than those of Salzburg. Taking the enormous alteration of emphasis into full account, it still doesn't strike me as a work which has clearly formulated itself in the composer's mind and been successfully articulated on paper.

By now most attentive readers know that "The Trial" has to do with some unspecified retribution exacted for an undefined crime in an unidentified place. We are made aware of extra-legal procedures imposed in an atmosphere of terror and dread. Defense is impossible because the offenses are vague; escape is unthinkable because the defendant is his own prosecutor and hanging judge. Conscience, apparently, is the court, and self-incrimination the evidence.

This is one line of development. It is crossed and confounded by the manifestations of Josef K's amorous impulses when and as they are aroused by the same *femme fatale* in a variety of guises. It may be that these are the elements of the new music drama, but I remain to be persuaded. To me it is lofty exercise in the kind of "advanced" art which is clever enough to know that lack of meaning can always be explained away as lack of understanding, and an absence of substance disguised as a want of perception.

The intimacy of the City Center's stage-audience relation did a good deal to make Einem's score sound more like a web, less like a blanket, than it had in Salzburg, to which Rosenstock's conducting contributed more than a little. But virtually everything that happens happens in the orchestra, which is as fatiguing to the attention as it must be discouraging to the singers. If what we are offered is a play with musical accompaniment, by all means let us have actors of the power and personality to stand up to what is happening in the pit. Then the battle lines would be drawn in even terms. As it stands "The Trial" is too far from conventional opera to be dealt with in the essentially conventional production at the City Center.

IN the case of Miss Schwarzkopf, the differences had to do with more than locality and language. There (the Mozarteum at Salzburg) she had been heard in an all-Wolf program, with Wilhelm Furtwängler as pianist. Here (Town Hall) she was heard in a miscellany of masterpieces, accompanied by Arpad Sandor. There it seemed that a certain monotony of result was related to the fact that it was a one-man show. Here it was de-

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cidedly more traceable to the fact that it was a one-woman show.

As most musical people are aware, Miss Schwarzkopf is one of the most accomplished singers the postwar years have produced, with a clear lyric voice, a highly refined style, a considerable artistic instinct, and a serious attitude toward her work. She would have been welcomed here long ago (certainly the Met would have used her) had she not a wartime history of personal relationship with some of the least savory persons in the Nazi hierarchy. Perhaps it *is* finicky to make a point of this now; but Miss Schwarzkopf has made a point of not even saying "I'm sorry," two words which would recognize the facts to which we refer and make their further mention unnecessary.

No unknown singer could ask for a warmer welcome than was extended to Miss Schwarzkopf by an audience that filled Town Hall and provided an auspicious beginning for the Concert Society of New York, which has taken over the time (and much of the public) of the defunct New Friends of Music.

Nothing she did was less than excellent in style, in formulation, in projection; but even at her best—and this may have been a by-product of the particular event—Miss Schwarzkopf seemed to be using the material more than serving it. Admittedly, this is a subjective kind of difference almost impossible to substantiate; but I have heard less self-consciously "artistic" treatments of Gluck's "Einem Bach der fliesst" or Mozart's "Warnung," more directly expressive ways of singing Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?" or "Ungeduld." Admittedly, it takes a considerable artist to sing the third verse of the latter pianissimo, as she did; but I would have traded subtlety for a little more passion and less calculation in the end product.

Those who are experienced in the canons of the lieder recital know well what to expect of a performer who recurs to the moods of Mozart's "Warnung," Schumann's "Aufträge," Wolf's "In dem Schatten meiner Locken," and Strauss's "Schlechtes Wetter." The "biggest" song she offered as contrast to these was Wolf's setting of "Kennst du das Land," for which she does not have quite enough power.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

CORRECTION

This season's series of Sunday NBC concerts directed by Arturo Toscanini begins on November 8, 6:30 P.M., EST. By error the dates given in last week's advertisement did not conform to the new schedule.

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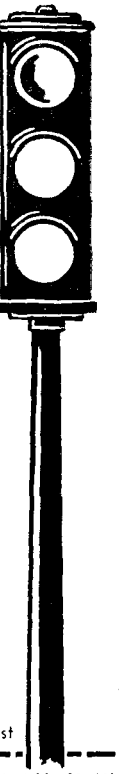

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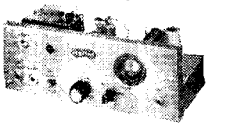

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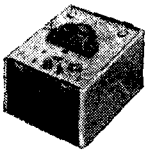

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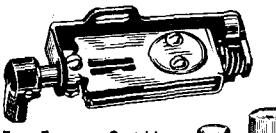

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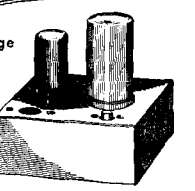

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Venturesome Camera

WHAT with the seasonal influx of films, several decidedly recommendable pictures have turned up lately without a word of encouragement from this quarter. It is offered herewith—belatedly but nonetheless enthusiastically. Perhaps the most refreshing one among them is **"Little Fugitive,"** made on a shoestring this past summer by a group of skilled semi-pros working for the most part in New York's crowded Coney Island. Although they drafted some mighty good actors to fill the minor roles, certainly their outstanding achievement was the discovery of young Richie Andrusco to play the lead. Master Andrusco, a sturdy seven-year-old with a round freckled face and an altogether winning manner, manages to give the impression throughout that he was simply turned loose on Surf Avenue and told to go enjoy himself. He rides the ponies, throws the baseballs, drinks gallons of Cokes, and when he runs out of change collects pop bottles along the beach for the deposits, all without the slightest self-conscious suggestion that there is a movie camera anywhere within miles of the place.

Naturally, credit for a performance of this kind belongs less to the child himself than to the ingenious director who was able to bring it forth—or, in this case, the trio of directors, Ray Ashley, Morris Engel, and Ruth Orkin, who also share among each other the credits for production, writing, photographing, and editing. In preparation for this film they worked with child psychology experts from the Bank Street School, anxious lest their young hero be made to behave as adults *think* a child would rather than with his normal responses to natural situations. More child psychology was needed to sustain those responses through the numerous "takes" required to shoot a scene. But the result, what comes through on the screen, has the appearance of complete freshness and spontaneity.

The delights of "Little Fugitive," however, extend beyond the amusing antics of its star. Engel's camera is equally adroit at catching the whole of Coney Island off-guard, coming up constantly with intimate glimpses of *al fresco* love-making, family quarrels, and the myriad petty passions of the boardwalk throngs. Sometimes, glancing up at a twinkling ferris wheel or at the patterns of sunlight slanting down beneath the boardwalk, he even suggests that the tawdry Island can be downright beautiful. And Miss Orkin has mastered an elliptical kind of editing that makes its points with the wit and economy of a *New Yorker* cartoon. There is a bit of fumbling before the story gets under way, a tendency to string out a situation just a little too long. But this is a first film that anyone might be proud of, a picture that ventures rather far off the beaten track of movie-making without losing its way.

* * *

In a sense **"Tanga Tika,"** a Tahitian romance produced, directed, and photographed by Dwight Long, is somewhat less venturesome, even though Long went halfway around the world to make it and spent virtually four years putting it together. But the picture he has come up with offers fairly routine plotting, as South Seas stories go, and a sexy dance finale obviously included simply as box-office bait. A native boy is exposed to all sorts of South Seas hardships—a hurricane, a shipwreck, the inevitable fight with a shark—before returning home just in time to prevent his girl friend from marrying a Chinese merchant to pay off her mother's debts.

Even so, there is an underlying earnestness about this film, a desire to capture the essence of Tahitian life that rises above the commonplace story. Details of native fishing and farming, the economics of life in the islands, the celebrations and ceremonies have been woven tightly into the texture of the picture, giving it added substance and interest. And there are some superb dances, photographed during the annual South Pacific Olympic Games tournaments, when rival teams from the islands converge on Papeete to compete in traditional skills. All of this Long has captured, if not poetically, at least with sympathy and an eye for the natural beauties that Tahiti abounds in. His genuine delight in these people, his affection for their ways and for their land more than compensate for the awkward and obvious script. In color, of course.

* * *

From Nicolai Gogol's hundred-year-old classic "The Cloak," Alberto Lattuada has fashioned a thoroughly delightful satiric comedy, **"The Overcoat."**

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The locale has been changed from Russia to Italy, the time now is the present. But Gogol was writing about bureaucracy and inhumanity, themes which remain, alas, universal and timely. This adaptation, presided over by no less than six writers, stays remarkably close to Gogol's original, the story of a pitiful clerk in a government office whose shabby existence is suddenly altered by the acquisition of a handsome new overcoat. His triumph is short-lived, however. The coat is promptly stolen and the clerk dies in despair. The film adds a fine, bold epilogue in which his spirit roams the streets of his city still searching for the coat, finally frightening the mayor himself into promising to make life a little easier for other paupers.

The Italians in recent years have proven wonderfully adept at taking stories like this and finding humor in them, a humor springing from their wry observation of life itself rather than the gag and the bright line. This is essentially a human comedy, a comedy of exaggeration perhaps, but exaggeration only to sharpen a point. It crops up when the little clerk reads back his woefully inadequate notes on the mayor's pompous oration, or when the tailor stealthily follows the clerk in his new overcoat through the streets, delighting in the marvel of his own handiwork. It occurs again when the clerk's funeral carriage bungles into the midst of an august ceremony inaugurating a town beautification plan, or when his ghost starts ripping the buttons off the overcoats of all the portly gentlemen on the city council.

* *

When Hollywood's cameras go adventuring the result is more apt to be pictures like **"All the Brothers Were Valiant"** and **"Botany Bay"**—big, Technicolored sea stories loaded with stars, action, and hokum. 'All the Brothers" (M-G-M), based on a Ben Ames Williams story, offers some superb scenes of whaling as it was practised a hundred years ago, but soon slacks off to a rather routine conflict between good brother Robert Taylor and bad brother Stewart Granger. The title tells the rest. "Botany Bay," from a Nordhoff and Hall novel, purports to show life on an eighteenth-century prison ship en route from London to New South Wales, with Alan Ladd and pretty Patricia Medina in the hold and James Mason as the Bligh-ish captain. Although the film fairly bristles with fights, floggings, and even an overly grim demonstration of keelhauling, it's a curiously monotonous business, the climax coming as simply one more incident in an already overcrowded film. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

TV AND RADIO

At Home with Edward Murrow

AN EVENT of considerable importance occurred in several million American homes on the night of October 20. Using his program "See It Now," Edward R. Murrow gave to Lt. Milo Radulovich a public trial of his case—public and at the same time intensely private and personal because the case was heard by each individual at home. The officer has been fighting the Air Force decision that he must be separated from the service because of his continued association with his father and his sister (who are accused of undesirable associations) and it was clear that Mr. Murrow was using television as a weapon. Everyone who saw the broadcast had the same reaction: that television had gained stature by it. It was so far as I know the first produced program that had the force and intensity of the actual transmissions of the Kefauver hearings. And no one was surprised that Edward R. Murrow was the man who was at the center of it. From the days when he sat on a hill and watched London burning to the days when he managed to get a sense of immediate presence from newsreels of Korea, Mr. Murrow has had a sound foundation under him. He has known what radio and television can do; he has pushed the mechanisms to their limits; and he has always been a remarkably intelligent man with an abiding respect for the intelligence of his listeners.

This makes it all the harder to understand how Mr. Murrow and his skilful co-workers should have gone so thoroughly wrong in his new program "Person to Person." Here they have given us a classic example of a permanent condition in the broadcasting business, in which everybody plans like mad and no one thinks further than the creation of a selling point, in this case a slogan: "Television Can Take You Places." Based on his experience with "See It Now" and the astounding effects he has been able to get with film, Mr. Murrow apparently became so enamored of this phrase that on his second "Person to Person" show he described it as "an essay in transportation." I was reminded of the old phrase, "by the magic of radio, we take you now to . . . ," and I was brought up short by the unanalyzed feeling that in radio days we did seem to be taken somewhere, but that all television experiences, even those in film, seem to occur where the case of Lieutenant Radulovich occurred—here, in the living room, at home, now. In other words, television can bring places—and above all, superlatively, it can bring people—to you. We are not to be transported and delivered; we are to sit home and have the wonders of the world and the mysteries of human personality spread out before us.

This is not merely a verbal difference, as you can see by examining the Murrow program. It begins with him sitting in a studio; outside of it you can see the facade of a house; presently, on cue, you enter that house which may be in Brooklyn or on the East River or at West Point or in Chicago, and you meet the resident with or without family. On cue from Mr. Murrow, Roy Campanella or the Stokowskis or Col. Blaik (coach of the Army's football team) or Mme. Valentina or James Petrillo move from room to room, exhibit trophies and pictures, and answer Mr. Murrow's questions.

Now, if you are brought by a friend into a stranger's house and are made welcome the first fifteen minutes are naturally spent in a kind of amiable sparring, an attempt to find common ground. They are bound to be formal, conventional, and insignificant; but if a good friend says, "When I drop by tonight I'm going to bring Charlie Jones with me—Charlie's just back from Labrador," then the situation is quite different; you are at home and you want Charlie to feel at home and he can tell you about Labrador or his analyst or anything that interests all of you, because that is what he has been brought over for.

IN "Person to Person" the amazing thing was not that the machinery had failed to take us places; it was that the people who lived in these places weren't there either. Edged from room to room and from object to object by Mr. Murrow's "I wonder if we could see . . ." or "Could you tell us what . . . ," only the physical bodies responded—except for a few seconds at a time, as when Mr. Stokowski's record player refused to play or Mr. Petrillo burst into an attack on "big business" or the irrepressible Valentina suddenly said something she really meant and seemed to smile at finding herself

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come alive again. Here again the planning had left the thinking way behind, for the loads of equipment had to be put in place ahead of time and someone had to know at least approximately when we would move from one room to another; yet the thinking about the program assumed that we would see some worthy citizens as they lived, not as they exhibited their possessions.

The reason for being disappointed in "Person to Person" is not that so good a man as Murrow should, after all his labors with big shows, produce a trifle, but that the trifle, so good-mannered and agreeable, would end by making it all the harder for us ever to get in television the infinitely important and wonderful thing it can give us, the atmosphere of actuality, the sound of the sudden truth.

It is quite possible that the Murrow program has no intention of bringing us this substance. But Mr. Murrow is too good to evade the obligations of his own instruments; he is too good to use them for purposes that go against their nature. The entire direction of live television just now is toward the prepared, the rehearsed, and the semi-faked; the routines and the phrases of panel shows (outside of a few discussion programs) are fixed, and—with the exception of the poor men and women who grow dumb with agony as they compete for giveaways—even the contestants usually seem to be presenting not themselves, but an act about themselves. These are not people of importance; they are not presented to us for the richness of their personalities, but for one specific aspect of their lives, and the M.C. asks only questions of identity before he proceeds to reduce somebody to anybody. The next step is to reduce anybody to nobody.

I do not know whether Mr. Murrow's program can deliver the reality of human character to us. In Chicago attempts have been made to move all the apparatus of television into a living room and invite the people there to go on living as usual; at the other extreme, the interviews with "elder statesmen" have been filmed and, cutting away from all trivial things, have brought us essences. There is a place for a program that falls between these and to find its proper techniques, both personal and mechanical, considerable thinking has to be done. I suggest that the thinking begin with one proposition: the most important single piece of machinery in television is the receiver in the home. When the consequences of that proposition (esthetic and psychological) are understood you cannot go entirely wrong.

—Gilbert Seldes.

NEW EDITIONS

The Spirit from Two Atlantic Poles

TWO recent university press books that I should like to recommend warmly are G. M. Young's "Victorian England, Portrait of an Age" (Oxford, $4.25) and "The Literature of the Spanish People" (Cambridge, $8.50) by Gerald Brenan.

Mr. Young's historical essay is a masterpiece of comprehension and compression, written with sympathetic understanding and ironic penetration. He confesses that there are moments when he would be happy to be dealing with a "central topic something less vast and incoherent than the growth of England from the compact self-centered organism of 1830 to the loose and world-embracing fabric of 1900"; but it is doubtful that anyone could have dealt with this topic more successfully than he has, within the space he has allowed himself. Skilful in selection and suggestive in synthesis, he has painted a portrait of Victorian England in which all the principle features change greatly with the passing years; or we might say that he has given us a Victorian triptych, the panels of which are labeled Early, Middle, and Late. In these panels the prime elements that mingle to form the likeness of the developing age are religious, social, political, and economic. With care Mr. Young seeks to unravel for our inspection the tangled threads of conformity and dissent that run through the whole era; to distinguish the shifting pattern of ideas from the shifting pattern of parties; and, as far as possible, to take the long view of his subject. He does all this, and more, in a style that is delightful to read and admirable to contemplate.

Mr. Brenan's work, which received all possible praise when it was first published in 1951, is, it should be noted, a history of the literary productions of "the Spanish people—in whatever language they may have been written." So there are places for Prudentius and Eugenius II of Toledo, and Arab poets, as well as for Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Pio Baroja. Mr. Brenan covers a vast amount of territory with thorough knowledge and great literary ability. His judgments are sound, and always his own, and his phrases are keen. He describes Quevedo as, among other things, "an Existentialist before Sartre, a person sick with the stale fumes of himself. . . ." He calls Lope de Vega "a great life-enhancer." He says, with refreshing candor, that he finds "La Celestina" more alive today than "Don Quixote"; that the latter "has defects of unevenness, forced gusto, and uncertainty of intention that, rightly or wrongly, diminish the pleasure that we get from it; but "La Celestina" makes the impression of a clear and untarnished work, fit for the admiration of every age." He stresses, for the uninformed reader, the parochial character of most Spanish literature. He quotes well, paraphrases well, and so interlaces biography and literary history as to make each give life to the other. In passing, let me suggest that another new Cambridge book goes well with the Brenan history. This is "An Anthology of Moorish Poetry" ($3.75), translated by A. J. Arberry from an anthology compiled by Ibn Sa'id al-Andalusi in 1243. Professor Arberry has turned his stylized and witty, but warm-blooded, originals into graceful, charming English lyrics.

"POEMS of Michael Drayton," edited by John Buxton for the attractive Muses' Library (Harvard, 2 vols., $6), holds ample proof that Drayton is a far more substantial and enjoyable poet than even the most generous anthology shows him to be.

A day with "The Hemingway Reader" (Scribner's, $5), finely edited and introduced by Charles Poore, confirms me in my old belief that Hemingway's epitaph may well read: "He was the most gifted of his generation, and he made the most of his gifts." "The Complete Works of O. Henry" (Doubleday, 2 vols., $10), with a foreword by Harry Hanse, is the work of a man who seemed to tell stories as easily as he breathed—to the delight of at least one generation of readers—but whose pen seldom pressed deeper than the surface of the paper on which he wrote.

The new edition of J. J. Mayer's "Sexual Life in Ancient India" (Barnes & Noble, $6.50)—written in the light of the Mahabarata and the Ramayana—will probably not rival Kinsey's latest in sales; but I find it more interesting, and I am sure it is quite as reliable.

Tolstoy's "Resurrection" has been reset as a World's Classics double volume (Oxford, $2).

—Ben Ray Redman.

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Man and the Earth

Continued from page 22

but fabulously rich Amazonian rubber boom.

One of its shortcomings is the fact that Wagley, being an anthropologist, is almost exclusively preoccupied with local cultures. Life at Itá is supposed to be the result of the fusions of Indian, Negro, and Portuguese cultures. It isn't, of course. It is the result of that fusion *plus* the all-important impact of the world's culture through the varying demands that the rest of the world made on the community from time to time. From the scientific point of view, the preponderant preoccupation with local cultures—as though *any* local culture could exist in a world vacuum—simply doesn't wash, no matter how fascinating its results.

Another trouble with the book is that of the scientific method itself. The moment you dissect any community into all of its carefully-studied component parts you also kill it. Itá is here a fascinating collection of human customs and habits, not a living organism—which it must be even for the "Point IV" people who may eventually work there for development. One yearns for a Brazilian Knut Hamsun, who could have said everything that Wagley said and still presented the town as a living, breathing part of man's vast, living, breathing, worldwide, social organism.

By the same token, and despite Wagley's healthy attitude toward the tropics *per se*, his subtitle, "A Study of Man in the Tropics," is terribly misleading. The book is a fascinating study of some 4,000 people in one minute and neglected part of the tropics. The lessons to be drawn from it pertain almost not at all to the tropics; they pertain much more to colonial exploitation everywhere, to neglect, to abandonment wherever found.

Sculpting the Old Ball

OUR CHANGING PLANET: How old is the earth? Measuring from the time it came into being as a mass of white-hot vapors torn away from the sun, it may be as much as five to seven billion years old. But we know little about the gassy past and most of our records start with the solidification of the crust some three billion years ago. In **"The Earth and Its Mysteries"** (British Book Centre, $3.25) Dr. G. W. Tyrrell, one of Great Britain's foremost geologists, offers a first-rate introduction to the earth sciences. He tells the story of the forces which shaped—and are still actively shaping—our planet. Wind and waves nibble away at seacoasts, reducing the width of beaches by a fraction of an inch daily (Cape Cod will vanish in about four thousand years). Glaciers pulverize solid rock and carry the debris over great distances at a rate of a few feet every twenty-four hours.

Since the coming of life half a billion years or so ago "new" forces have been at work. There are well-publicized feats like the building of the 1,200-mile Great Barrier Reef off Australia and similar formations by microscopic coral organisms. Less widely known, however, is the fact that coastal worms play a role in grinding down sand into smaller and smaller particles. According to a recent study, the thousands of worms in every acre of seashore swallow more than 3,000 tons of sand annually—and eject the material in slightly finer form. The earth-shaping effects of our own activities in peace and war are not easy to measure, but Dr. Tyrrell cites one estimate: "Man alone is lowering the earth's surface at a rate twice as great as all other agents." Other chapters of this informative book discuss earthquakes, volcanoes, mountain-building, and the interpretation of fossils. —JOHN PFEIFFER.

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$3.50 at all bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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SR's World Travel Calendar

DECEMBER, JANUARY, FEBRUARY

Bermuda

BONEFISH TOURNAMENT *(Hamilton, Dec.-Mar.)*: Silver trophies for prizes.

YACHT RACES *(Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, Dec.-Apr.)*: Majority of cup races on Wednesdays, Thursdays.

HORSE RACING *(Shelly Bay Race Track, Dec.-Apr.)*: Races usually on Thursdays. Post time 2 P. M.

GOMBEY DANCERS *(Hamilton, Dec. 26; Jan. 1)*: Native dancers appear at the larger hotels as part of Boxing Day and New Year's Day entertainment.

GOLF TOURNAMENT *(Hamilton, Jan. 8-12)*: Contests for men, women. Several divisions.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT *(Paget Parish, Jan. 22-29)*: Singles, doubles for men, women.

Britain

SMITHFIELD SHOW *(London, Dec. 7-11)*: Livestock, agricultural machinery exhibition.

STEEPLECHASES *(Hurst Park, Surrey, Dec. 18, 19; Wetherby, Yorkshire; Wincanton, Somerset; Kempton Park, Middlesex, and Newton Abbot, Devon, Dec. 26; Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, Dec. 30, 31)*.

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS *(London, Dec. 18-Jan. 30)*.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS *(Hastings, Sussex, Dec. 29-Jan. 7)*.

CAGE BIRDS EXHIBITION *(London, Jan. 7-9)*: At Olympia.

AUSTRALIA DAY *(London, Jan. 26)*: Special services at St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

NEW ZEALAND DAY *(London, Feb. 6)*.

Central America

FAIR *(Guatemala City, Dec. 1-31)*.

GUADALUPE DAY *(El Salvador, Dec. 12)*: Procession of marchers in Indian costumes.

GUATEMALAN FEAST *(Chichicastenango, Guatemala, Dec. 17-20)*: Native dancers in special tribute to St. Thomas.

RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE *(Esquipulas, Guatemala, Jan. 15)*: A 450-year-old statue, the "Black Christ," paraded.

Finland

FINNISH MUSICAL WEEK *(Helsinki, Dec. 2-8)*: Opera, concerts.

FINNISH SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Central Finland, Feb. 5-7)*.

SKIING *(Lahti, Feb. 27, 28)*: Salpausselka International Winter Games.

France

MIDNIGHT MASS *(Le Baux, Perouges, Dec. 24)*: Procession of shepherds, one of the unusual activities in a very old church.

SWIMMING *(Paris, Dec. 25)*: Race across the Seine for the Christmas Cup.

SKIING, YACHTING *(Nice, Jan. 13-17)*: Winter sports in nearby mountains and boat races on the Mediterranean. Contests staged to dramatize dual attractions of Nice.

SKI CONTEST *(Mégève, Jan. 23, 24)*: The Emile Allais Cup at stake.

CARNIVAL *(Nice, Feb. 18-Mar. 3)*: Famous for battles of flowers, parades.

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE *(Paris, Feb. 25-Mar. 3)*.

Italy

AUTO RACE *(Taormina, Dec. 26)*: VI Coppa Automobilistica di Natale.

OPERA SEASON *(Dec.-Apr. in Florence, Milan, Naples, Palermo, Parma, Rome, Venice)*.

EPIPHANY FAIR *(Rome, Jan. 4-6)*: Famous funfest at Piazza Navona.

WINTER SPORTS CONTESTS *(Cervinia, Cortina, Sestrieres, Jan. 6, 7; International skiing contests for women at Castrozza, Jan. 17, for men, Valle d' Aosta, Jan. 17)*.

CARNIVAL *(Viareggio, Feb. 26-Mar. 2)*: Masking, confetti, flower battles, parade of gigantic floats.

Mexico

GUADALUPE DAY *(Nationwide, Dec. 12)*: Main celebration at Shrine of Guadalupe near Mexico City on principal feast day on Mexican religious calendar.

POSADAS *(Queretaro, Quer., Dec. 16-24)*: Mexicans present their version of the journey of Mary and Joseph.

RELIGIOUS PILGRIMAGE *(Chalma, Jan. 1-7)*: Faithful from all parts of Mexico travel to see Christ of Chalma, near Mexico City.

BLESSING OF ANIMALS *(Nationwide, Jan. 17)*: Traditional part of St. Anthony's Day observance.

Monaco

OPERA SEASON *(Monte Carlo, Dec.-Mar.)*

BALLET *(Monte Carlo, Dec.)*.

GALAS *(Monte Carlo, Christmas, New Year's Eve, Friday nights, Dec.-Apr.)*.

MONTE CARLO AUTOMOBILE RALLY *(Monte Carlo, Jan. 18-25)*: Most skilled auto racers compete for prizes totaling $10,000, silver trophies.

Nassau

JUNKANOO CEREMONY *(Dec. 26)*: Natives masquerade, compete for prizes in dance contest.

YACHT RACE *(Feb. 9)*: Contest for ocean yachts, Miami-Nassau.

SAILING *(Feb. 12)*: Nassau Cup Race.

North Africa

CHANUKA *(Israel, Dec. 2)*: The Feast of the Lights marks the purification of the Temple by the Maccabees. Bon-fires, marathon race.

ORATORIO *(Beirut, Lebanon, Dec. 21-23)*: Annual performance of Bach's Christmas music.

CHRISTMAS EVE *(Jordan, Dec. 24)*: Principal service a Catholic midnight mass at Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem. Barriers between Israel, Jordan relaxed for this festival.

CHRISTMAS *(Nazareth, Israel, Dec. 25)*: Pontifical Mass at Church of the Annunciation.

EASTERN ORTHODOX CHRISTMAS *(Jordan, Jan. 7)*.

Norway

WINTER MARKET *(Bossekop, Dec. 3-10)*.

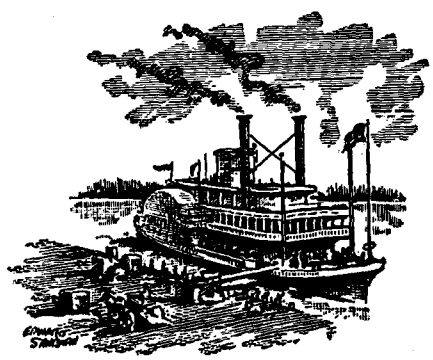
NOBEL PEACE PRIZE *(Oslo, Dec. 10)*.

SKIING *(Oslo, Feb. 19-21)*: Slalom, stor-slalom and downhill.

INTERNATIONAL WINTER SPORTS WEEK *(Voss, Feb. 8-15)*.

Spain

CONCERT *(Montserrat, Dec. 24)*: Famous for its boys' choir.



FEAST OF ST. ANTHONY *(Barcelona, Huelva, Jaen, Orellana, Puebla de Hijar, Jan. 17)*: Bonfires, cavalcades, dances.

SAN SEBASTIAN'S FEAST *(Melgar de Fernamental, Pollensa, San Sebastian, Sotillo de Las Palomas, Jan. 19)*: Tamborada, folk dances, singing.

FAIR *(Burriana, Feb. 2-10)*: Traditional fountain of wine, race meeting.

FEAST OF ST. AGATHA *(Villarino de Los Aires, Zamarramala, Zamora, Feb. 5)*: Exhibition of regional costumes, folk dances.

SKIING *(Sierra de Guadarrama, Feb. 25-28)*: Franco-Spanish championships.

Sweden

NOBEL PRIZES *(Stockholm, Dec. 10)*: Award prizes for science, literature.

ST. LUCIA DAY *(Nationwide, Dec. 13)*: Parties for the Queen of Light. Most important one in Stockholm.

SKIING *(Falun, Feb. 13-21)*: World Ski Championships.

WINTER SPORTS *(Are, Feb. 27-Mar. 7)*: Alpine championship contests.

Switzerland

"ESCALADE" *(Geneva, Dec. 11, 12)*: Patriotic celebration features masked balls.

FIGURE-SKATING CONTESTS *(Wengen, Jan. 4, 14, 21, 28)*: Competitions for Knoop Cup, Arthur Cumming Cup, and Kurverein Cup.

BOBSLEIGH CHAMPIONSHIPS *(St. Moritz, Jan. 9, 10)*: European championships for juniors.

TOBOGGAN CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Davos, Jan. 23, 24)*: The 12th European Toboggan Contests.

INTERNATIONAL SPEED SKATING CONTESTS *(Davos, Jan. 30, 31)*

EUROPEAN SPEED SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Davos, Feb. 6, 7)*.

USA

SHRIMP BOWL *(Biloxi, Miss., Dec. 5)*. Annual football game.

CHRISTMAS FLOAT PARADE *(Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 7)*. Theme to be "Spirit of Christmas."

SAILFISH TOURNAMENT *(The Palm Beaches, Fla., Dec. 8-11)*: Ninth annual fishing contest.

GOLF TOURNAMENT *(Miami, Fla., Dec. 10-13)*: The annual $10,000 Miami Open.

COLONIAL-TYPE CHRISTMAS *(Williamsburg, Va., Dec. 15-31)*: Yule log burning, candle-light concerts, Christmas carols.

FISHING CONTEST *(Miami, Fla., Dec. 20-April 18)*: The annual $15,000 Metropolitan Miami competition.

GOLF CHAMPIONSHIPS *(Pinehurst, N. C., Dec. 28)*: Sixth annual Donald J. Ross Memorial junior matches.

BOWL GAMES *(Jan. 1)*: Cotton Bowl, Dallas, Texas; Orange Bowl, Miami, Fla.; Rose Bowl, Pasadena, Calif.; Sugar Bowl, New Orleans, La.; Sun Bowl, El Paso, Tex.

ANTIQUES FORUMS *(Williamsburg, Va., Jan. 25-30; Feb. 1-6)*: Two week-long sessions. First to feature eighteenth-century background; second discusses "What's American About American Antiques."

CAMELLIA SHOWS *(Atlanta, Columbus, Macon, and Savannah, Georgia, January-February)*.

MARDIS GRAS *(New Orleans, La., Feb. 23-March 2)*. Parades nightly. General masking on Shrove Tuesday, March 2.

GARDEN SYMPOSIUMS *(Williamsburg, Va., Feb. 24-26; March 3-5)*: Discussions to be led by experts on landscaping, horticulture.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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In Several Little Spanish Towns

GRANADA.

THE southern strip of Spain, including the part that reaches down as if to meet the outstretched point of North Africa, is called Andalusia, a region that is a repository of gentlemen who wear low, broad hats, ladies who wear high combs, and grilled windows through which both parties can look each other over.

Andalusia's cities are among the best known of Spain's names. There is Cadiz (Columbus's port), Malaga (sweet wine), Cordoba (cordovan leather), Jerez (sherry), Granada (Alhambra), and Seville (barber of). While not having time to get to all these fountains of wine and culture, I have been waltzing around Granada and Seville whither I flew aboard an airplane of Iberia Airlines. Iberia is the national airline of Spain, and in flying, as in life, the Spaniards believe in taking things easy. The three times I flew with Iberia the planes were DC-3's equipped with rigid seats and unequipped with a hostess. Of the three flights one carried a container of water in the cabin and the other two just had cups. If this informality doesn't distress you Iberia is a fast means of getting around, and I am told their safety record is rather better than some lines more formal and famous. At any rate, I am here unscathed, if not unchastened.

Seville's fame does not, to be sure, rest entirely upon the "Barber of Seville." For one thing, the barber has had to share operatic fame with Carmen herself, who worked in a tobacco factory not the toss of a rose from the front door of the Hotel Alfonso XIII. What one really begins to feel in Seville is the impression of the Moors. Alongside the giant cathedral, second in size only to St. Peter's, is the eleventh-century Giralda Tower, where the Moslems called the faithful to prayer. It has been topped with a belfry finished in Christian Renaissance which looks down on the Court of Oranges, an Arab patio lined with orange trees and troughs that carry running water.

The cathedral itself was built in the fifteenth century on a location where the Visigoths, and later the Moors, had erected houses of worship. It is also to the best of my recollection one of the three places where Columbus is buried. I recall a guide taking my money for showing me Columbus's guaranteed tomb in the Dominican Republic, and I was relieved of a number of pesos for getting the same news in Havana.

The Seville camp admits that Columbus asked to be buried in Santo Domingo, and its adherents say that the remains were transferred to Havana in 1796. In 1891, however, they claim that a royal decree was handed down ordering Columbus's corpse returned to Spain, and this was carried out in 1898 shortly before the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. At any rate, Columbus or somebody reposes in a magnificent tomb in Seville. It is an extravagant affair depicting the four kings of Spain—representing Castille, Leon, Navarre, and Aragon—as pallbearers. Columbus *did* hear his last mass in this cathedral, and there seems to be no dispute about that.

Across from the cathedral you get a glimpse of old Spain in the Santa Marta square, where jasmine spills out of the grilled windows, six orange trees with white trunks form a canopy of deep green leaves, old lanterns hang from the walls, and the bells clank out the flat call of the hours from the Moorish tower a block away.

Santa Cruz, the old Jewish quarter of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is a cluster of squares and charming alleys, especially the Plaza Doña Elvira, which was named after the first girl to deceive the arch-Romeo Don Juan, and is shaded with orange trees and furnished with tiled benches. Pink *geranios* nod from flower beds that are tiled in blue and green, a fountain sprays in the center, straw mats keep the sun from the windows, but the light beats madly off the whitewashed walls. On the street corner a lady is making a shawl decorated with birds and flowers in violent colors, although a policeman is around every few minutes to tell her that kind of thing is not permitted in the street. On the bench the park guard is an island of apathy under the broad canopy of his Andalusian hat.

THE clatter is concentrated in the heart of the town, where trolleys skitter through the narrow streets pulling a flimsy rolling annex that is hardly more than a framework of open benches on four wheels. The Sierpes, or The Serpent, is closed to shopping so people can shop easily and sit in the middle of the street in front of their clubs, sheltered from the sun by canvas squares stretched across the streets from roof top to roof top. You can buy fans for fifty cents and fans for $400, made of wood or bone or ivory, decorated with bullfight scenes or Goyas, or strung with exquisite lace. At the Santa Ana Fabrica de Ceramica you can buy tiles that

—TWA.

Seville: "One of the three places where Columbus is buried."

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The God Who Came to Dinner

By THURMAN PRICE

THE THEORY that laughter is good for the digestion harks back to ancient times. In fact, it was the reason dyspeptic kings had need for jesters. In our era, the jester has his substitute . . . the after-dinner speaker and his after-dinner jokes.

In Hawaii, where laughter is chronic, the climate perfect and the pressure of work seldom a bother, they have an anecdote about a native who bragged he was "*part Chinese, part Hawaiian, and part English.*" His friends agreed with the first two but questioned the third. "Why," he replied, "one of my ancestors *ate* Captain Cook."

WHETHER the British Captain came to dinner in Hawaii as a *pièce de résistance* is a moot historical point. We do know that his relationship with the Hawaiians of his time ran the gamut . . . from deification to incineration.

When Captain Cook discovered the "Sandwich Islands," he found the natives still living in the Stone Age. With childlike awe, these stalwart Polynesians solemnly acclaimed him as a god.

BUT LIKE so many gods before him, it soon became evident that the Captain stood on feet of clay. Sensing his mortality, the Hawaiians reached a state of disenchantment. Finally, the strained relations snapped.

In the terrible furor that ensued, Captain Cook was stabbed by a chief's dagger. His battered body was dragged to a temple and there divested of its flesh which was broiled to a turn.

FOR SOME INEXPLICABLE REASON, the natives rescued the poor Captain from complete ignominy by deifying his bones. So, after all, it *can* be said *for* the Captain that, in spite of his bad manners and the loss of everything except his skeleton, he *still* managed to retain his prestige!

Today's Hawaiian welcome is as warm as its climate. You hear *aloha* only 9½ hours after leaving the Mainland by Pan American Clipper.* Connections from anywhere in the U.S.A. at Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland or Seattle-Tacoma airports. Daytime and overnight flights. Only Pan American offers big, roomy double-decked "Strato" Clippers on *both* tourist and first-class service. Tourist, $125 one way. First-class, $168 one way.
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(Advertisement)

tell the story of Don Quixote for ten pesetas each, and curlicued iron frames to put them in.

If you like the midtown life you stay at the Hotel Madrid, still encased in walls that were erected in 1519, and once the palace of the Duke of Medinacelli. A sixteenth-century fountain drips in the patio, and you dine in the open under an orange awning. A room in the Madrid, a first-class hotel, will cost you $1.75, and luncheon or dinner runs the equivalent of $1.12. For those who prefer a quieter quarter and a formal tone there is the Alfonso XIII, a hotel built by the king for the Spanish-American Exposition of 1929, an extravaganza that very nearly broke the Royal Hispanic Treasury. One of the sights of the town is the main pavilion, which still stands surrounded by a moat. You can hire a boat and float under the bridges decorated with priceless tilework.

One night I took a 1925 Citroen taxi from the door of the Alfonso XIII and drove out to El Guajiro, a night club set up in a walled-in yard in the gypsy quarter. An Anglo-Spaniard named Juan Cortes Hatton, who runs the place, has skimmed the best talent from the gypsy caves and presents it in a continuous show nightly. He doesn't worry too much about not having a roof since when I was there it hadn't rained for five months. The bar is crowned with a stuffed bull's head, and is otherwise decorated with a toreador's jacket and a ticket to the bullfight in Linares, where Manolete was killed. Gypsy girls throw clusters of jasmine blossoms to the customers, fierce flamenco heels stamp the boards, and in one number the Sevillanas Rocieras—an ambidextrous musician—plays a flute and a drum at the same time while a platoon of dark-eyed gypsy men keep the beat by clapping.

Back in 1829 Washington Irving made the trip from Seville to Granada by horseback, and the means of bridging the short gap of a few hundred kilometers has not improved very much since. The regular tour by the buses of Atesa makes the roundabout route by way of Jerez, Cadiz, and Malaga, or else by way of Cordoba, a matter of 190 miles. In one of Atesa's new Ford sedans, however, with an English-speaking driver, I cut straight across by way of Antequera, and it was a wonderful ride. The olive trees begin almost immediately out of Seville, and they seem to go on forever, dotting the bare brown hills with patches of pastel green. The villages are blinding in their whiteness and surprising in their cleanliness, and—except for being so clean—are replicas of Arab villages across the straits. Once we passed a stage coach that makes a short run between two towns; it was crammed with passengers and loaded with baggage and looked as if it had just ridden out of another era. Coming, as Irving did, by way of Antequera, I felt that many of the sights that met my eyes were hardly different from those that met his in 1829.

AFTER four hours we were in Granada, and the car swung up to the heights over the city where the Alhambra sits, magnificent and secure, looking down on the plain. If you can manage to get reservations, and you are not fussy about having a bath with your room, there is a lovely little *parador,* a Government-operated inn up on the hill where the food is good and cheap and the atmosphere is quiet and Spanish. A few minutes away is the Alhambra Palace, one of the most beautifully situated hotels in the world. It was late afternoon when I checked in. Swinging open the doors to the balcony, I saw the sun disappearing behind the twin humps of a distant ridge at the end of the plain. Overhead a long swirl of clouds split the sky like a fish bone. Night was already in the eastern sky turning it a deep blue, and the half moon that hung in it was so white and silver it was almost green. Far down below, the streets of Granada settled in a haze of red dust and the salmon-tiled roofs gave no reflection. Then the sun fell, and its last fleeting reflection lighted the white sides of the houses that grow up the Sierra Nevada Mountains, under the moon, and it drew a pink response from the slopes which in a few months would be covered with snow. The fish bone flushed pink, dust rose on the plain, and down below on the terrace the guests were having cocktails, but they were hushed by the view and all you could hear was a clink now and then.

The Alhambra, which I saw next morning, was established on this crest as the reigning Moorish palace. It survived until the Moors were de-

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feated by Their Catholic Majesties, King Ferdinand and Isabella, on the second of January 1492. Now every January 2 Granada's girls come up the hill to ring the bells in the Torre de la Vela, a rite which improves their chances of marriage.

Although Charles V moved into the Alhambra in 1526 and decided to enhance the Moorish magnificence with some Renaissance trimmings, not excluding oil paintings and fireplaces, there is much evidence to show that the sultan was living quite comfortably. For one thing, hot-water pipes ran under the floorboards, providing a sort of radiant heating. The sultan's bath included a resting room where bathers could remove their clothes and relax on great divans. Musicians, who were blinded so they could not gaze upon the disrobed sultana, and eunuchs, who weren't interested anyway, played tunes on a balcony above. The bathing room still has two bathtubs and spouts for cold water, hot water, and perfume.

The wonderful Court of the Lions with the sun casting the shadows of its 124 columns and the stone lions holding up the fountain in the center is not at all altered from the day of Irving, and probably is quite the same as it was in its thirteenth-century heyday. Says Irving: "Through the ample and fretted arch of the portal I behold the Court of Lions with brilliant sunshine gleaming along its colonnades. . . ." The Court of the Abencerrajes, which leads off the Court of the Lions, is named for a noble family one of whose members was trifling with the sultana. The sultan did not know which Abencerrajes was the romantic one so he invited them all to this court and chopped off their heads.

The Court of Ambassadors is equally famous, if less bloody, for here early in 1492, the Alhambra having just been won, Queen Isabella gave Columbus the money for the first transatlantic voyage. The view from the court is striking. Irving talks of using the place as an observatory from which to view Andalusian life: ". . . as the naturalist has his microscope to aid him in his investigations, so I have a small pocket-telescope which brings the countenances of the motley groups so close as almost, at times, to make me think I can divine their conversation by the play and expression of their features."

In the frame of the Moorish windows is the Sacro Monte, a hill covered with the whitewashed caves of gypsies. The route of the gypsies lay from India to Egypt, and then across to Hungary, where they became known as *tsiganes*. They were brought to Spain as mercenaries to fight the Arabs, and after the war the Catholic sovereigns invited them to stay and live on the Sacro Monte. The gypsies on top of the hill make baskets, brass, and copperware, those in the middle sell livestock, below are the dancers.

There are no falcons left in the Albaycin nowadays, unless you count the cab drivers, who charge triple what the meter reads without posting any warning, and the dancing gypsies. According to state law, gypsies are not permitted to charge tourists more than $10.50 for dancing before one to six persons, and I saw a sign to that effect posted in the cave from which Carmen Amaya danced all the way to Broadway. Despite the controls, I have been warned that it is a sharp tourist sextet that gets away for less than $25. The hotel prices, on the other hand, are more than fair. For those who want to stay downtown instead of on the hill, at the *parador* or the Palace, there is the Victoria, which charges about $1.50 for a single room and bath and serves a lunch for $1.10. The San Francisco can offer a single room with bath and three meals for $3.13.

One hotel has shown its debt to Washington Irving by calling itself after him, admittedly a daring name for a hotel in Spain. All Granada owes its debt to Irving for that trip in 1829 which he made, incidentally, with a Spanish bodyguard to keep off the bandits and a Russian friend from the embassy. For if it hadn't been for the "Tales of the Alhambra," which was a worldwide success when published in 1832, the Alhambra might still be smothered in ruins and frosted with the Renaissance trappings of Charles V. In view of his service I am prepared to forgive Mr. Irving the indiscretion of consorting with Russians.

—Horace Sutton.

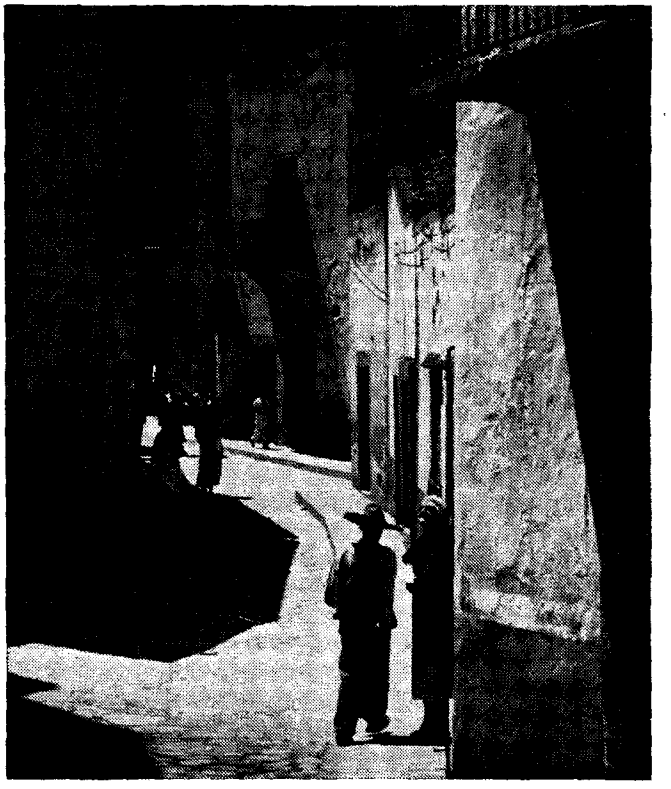

PHOTO CONTEST: Two scenes reflect vividly the different traditions of the countries in which *SR* travelers took the photographs. On the left is a street in Warwick, England, which Gerald M. Chanin, of New York City, filmed with a Rolleiflex. On the right is a scene snapped in Guanajuato, Mexico, by Arthur Pollock, also of New York City. Mr. Pollock used a Zeiss Ikon. Both these pictures are entries in *The Saturday Review*'s World Travel Photo Contest. Among the twenty-six prizes offered for winning photographs, either in color or black-and-white, is a luxury flight around the world via Pan American World Airways' giant airliners. Deadline for entries is November 1. For details write Photo Contest, *Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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The Past Fifty Years

Continued from page 16

will lead them. Although no man-made Iron Curtain separates the American people from the rest of the world, the experiences they have gone through—and the experiences they have missed—have created wide gulfs between them and the peoples of Europe and Asia. This might not have mattered if Americans had continued to live by themselves, alone in the world, but it hardly prepared them for global leadership. Having known neither Communism nor Fascism at first hand, having escaped the ravages of war and revolution, many Americans still cling to assumptions that the rest of the world has steadily discarded since 1900. President Eisenhower believes in enlightened self-interest as firmly as he believes in God—and there is every indication that the mass of his fellow citizens believe as he does. The wars of class and race that have ravaged so much of the world never spread to the United States. Although these wars have weakened Europe in many respects, they have given the people of Europe an experience and even a wisdom that most Americans lack. And, even though the power of Europe no longer spreads through the world as it did fifty years ago, Europe's decline may take the same slow course as Europe's rise.

THE United States, on the other hand, has come up in the world so fast that it could go down the same way. The British historian D. W. Brogan has warned against "the illusion of American omnipotence," which the Spanish-American War encouraged and which two world wars have not dispelled. Yet a review of the record of the past half-century leads to a paradoxical conclusion. Insofar as the United States continues to expand its power and prestige it will hasten its own doom. Insofar as the United States begins to limit its commitments it will preserve its power and prestige. While the revolt of Europe's masses which Ortega y Gasset analyzed more than twenty years ago may have run its course, the revolt of Asia's masses has only just begun. There lie the forces most likely to shape the great events of the next fifty years. They are forces with which some Americans have worked constructively. But they are forces over which the United States cannot hope to exercise real control.

Nearly every historian of stature who has tried to look into the near future predicts that the rise of Asia

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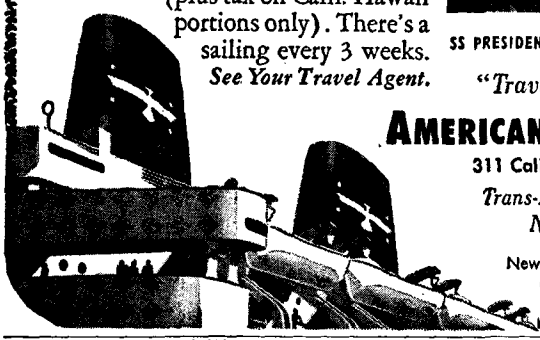

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will continue to overshadow whatever else this century may bring forth. Henry Adams sensed the possibility at the turn of the century. Spengler and Toynbee have speculated along the same lines. The rise of Asia not only entails the decline of Europe. Because Europe in the past has preached and practised the doctrine of white supremacy, racial tensions will continue to play a major part in the affairs of our planet. In Europe itself the smaller states will move toward continental unity, but the French poet Paul Valéry missed the mark when he predicted more than twenty years ago, *"Le temps du monde fini commence."* And Wilson's dream of a League of Nations, Lenin's dream of world revolution, Roosevelt's Four Freedoms, and Willkie's One World will have to wait for another century to materialize. The world is not becoming one. The world is dividing into a few great continental groupings, each of which will tend to have its own culture and character, with the Western powers favoring a sort of welfare-warfare economy, Russia continuing its totalitarian system, Asia stressing nationalism. When Willkie returned from his trip around the world in 1942 he concluded that the One World era had arrived. Eleven years later another defeated candidate for the Presidency returned from a similar journey with the news that we are living in three worlds—the Communist world, the free world, and the uncommitted world. And Adlai Stevenson was not one of those who doubted Roosevelt's crusade for the Four Freedoms or rejected the Willkie program of One World in our time. But, even though Roosevelt's crusade has gone the way of Wilson's, everywhere the state encroaches upon the areas once monopolized by the traditional religions.

IT is, of course, true that the past decade has witnessed a widespread return to the traditional religions. Church membership in the United States stands at an all-time high. Not since the period of the Protestant Reformation has the Roman Catholic Church wielded such power or enjoyed such prestige in Western Europe. The Moslem faith has taken a new lease on life in its endorsement of nationalism and its opposition to Communism. But the past several centuries of material progress have secularized the traditional religions and given birth to new substitute religions—Communism, Fascism, nationalism.

The century of material progress between the Battle of Waterloo and World War I encouraged an increasingly optimistic view of human nature and human destiny. Service to society became the highest of ideals and not a mere means to the end of saving one's own soul. But the years between the wars saw the prospects of a worldly Utopia go glimmering. Isaac Deutscher has contrasted the "revolutionary optimism" of Lenin and Trotzky with the "revolutionary pessimism" of Stalin. In like fashion the doubts and vacillations of Nehru follow the spiritual serenity of Gandhi. The dreams of Dr. Sun Yat-sen bring forth the opportunism of Chiang Kai-shek and the cynicism of Mao Tse-tung. If the aspiration to build a better world in the here and now enlisted some of the same enthusiasm that gave the great religions their positive appeal, the defeat of that aspiration has revived interest in the doctrine of original sin. But the children of a generation which lost its belief in a life after death have not recaptured their ancestors' belief in eternal damnation. Unable to establish a kingdom of heaven on earth, they have discovered only that man can make his own hell.

The speed and violence of our times have given the extremist a deceptive authority. The extreme internationalist gives way to the extreme nationalist. Revolution when it does not provoke reaction devours its own children. As the second half of our century begins to run its course the older democracies turn to regional solutions abroad and to the welfare state at home while the newer nations that have risen in Asia cultivate the national spirit at the expense of freedom for the individual. Standards of living and education remain so different in different areas that a world community has even less chance today than it had in Wilson's time. For the preponderance of power that Wilson proposed held out more hope to mankind than the balance of power which had led to World War I. But neither Wilson nor Lenin nor Hitler was able to create a preponderance of power to replace the balance of power that sustained the world of 1900 and as matters now stand, in the divided world of 1953, the prospects for world unity within our present century look dim indeed. The most that we can expect for another fifty years—and perhaps for another five hundred—is for the various nations, regions, and continents to strike some new, if temporary, balance of power based at worst on fear, at best on hope.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

POETS' OWN LEXICON

The following definitions are not according to Webster but they do have a pleasing sound. Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to name the poetic lexicographer in each case. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of fifty is par, sixty very good, and seventy or better excellent. Answers on page 53.

1. COMMUTER: one who spends his life in riding to and from his wife.
2. DEW-DROPS: the gems of morning, but the tears of mournful eve.
3. FLATTERY: the food of fools.
4. FRIENDSHIP: peculiar boon of Heav'n.
5. HOME: the place where when you have to go there they have to take you in.
6. HOPES: beads of morning strung on slender blades of grass.
7. HOURS: golden links, God's token, reaching heaven.
8. IMAGINATION: the air of mind.
9. KISS: a rosy dot placed on the "i" in loving.
10. LIFE: a painted piece of trouble.
11. MAN'S MIND: a mirror of heavenly sights.
12. MUSIC: sphere-descended maid.
13. POET: a nightingale who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds.
14. PRUDERY: a virgin hard of feature.
15. RUMOR: a pipe blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures.
16. SLEEP: the certain knot of peace, the baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe.
17. SKY: that beautiful old parchment in which the sun and moon keep their diary.
18. STARS: golden fruit upon a tree all out of reach.
19. TEARS: the awful language, eloquent of infinite affection.
20. WORLD: a wilderness where tears are hung on every tree.

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Fiction

Continued from page 23

contemporary Lisbon and a rich gallery of minor characters, set forth with a kind of extra-dimensional realism which the English-speaking reader may find somewhat reminiscent of Dickens. The figure of Juliana, the blackmailing servant, is unforgettable; a sinister, unlovely creature she is, for whom we must nonetheless feel some sympathy as we learn of the sordid details of her life and the life of her kind. (For there is social consciousness in the book, too.) It is a story of real people and it will hold the reader's interest.

Yet I am not sure it is the best work of Eça de Queiroz to present to a foreign audience of the twentieth century, even granting the claim in the foreword that "it is regarded as one of the finest examples of his art." At least in Anglo-Saxon countries in this year of grace such innocent heroines as Luiza are out of date and seem a little ridiculous. What is perhaps even more regrettable is that the translation is stiff and labored; Eça de Queiroz was a superb stylist, meticulous almost to a fault, forever polishing his work and satisfied only with his best—but one could hardly deduce as much from this English version.

Notes

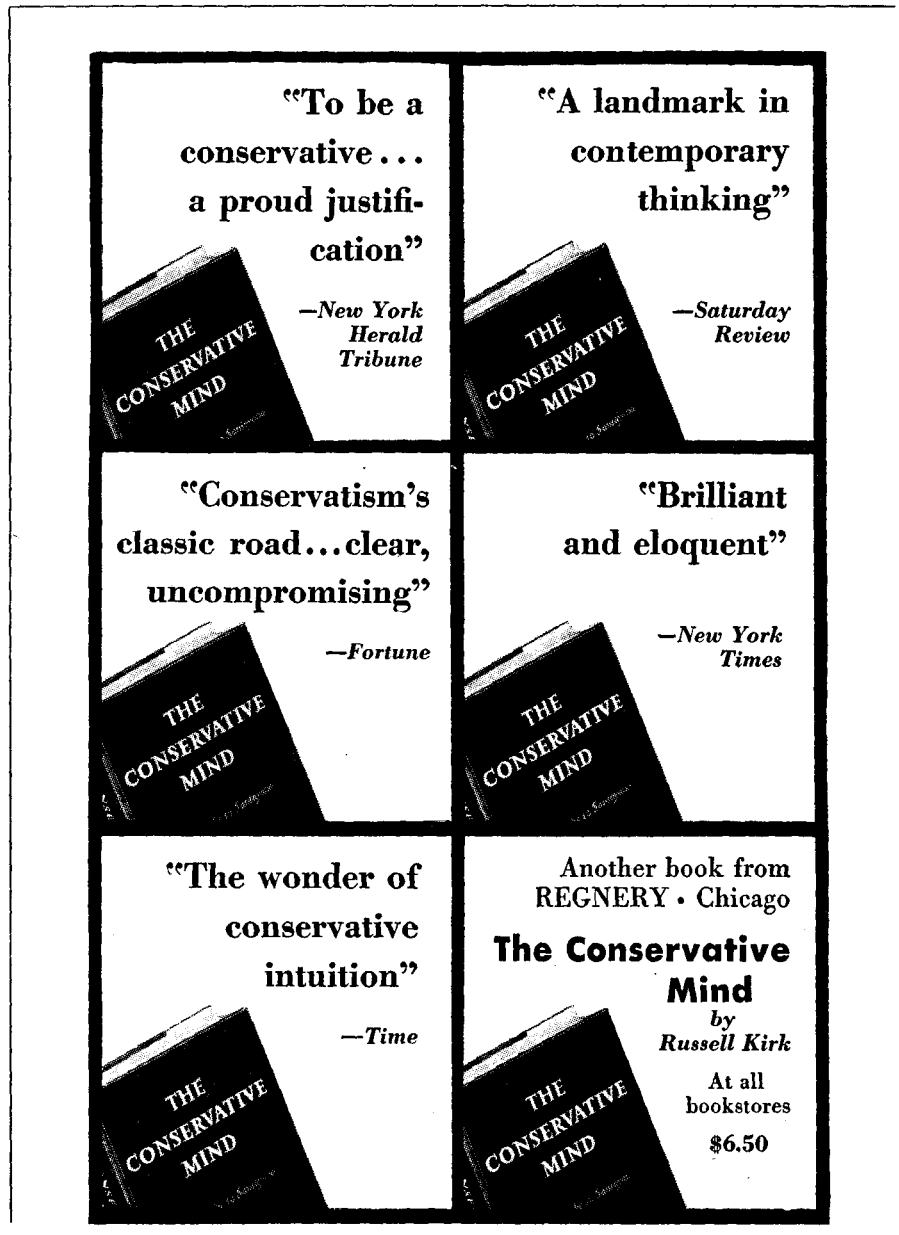
MRS. LEE: Harnett T. Kane's **"The Lady of Arlington"** (Doubleday, $3.50) charmingly leads from the shadow thrown by the towering figure of her husband the wife of Robert E. Lee. An old hand at historical fiction, Mr. Kane is at his resurrecting best in this unpretentious novel, the background for which is in part based on hitherto unexamined papers and letters.

The Civil War, of course, plays a leading part in the narrative but it is carefully held subordinate to the romantic and domestic affairs of the Lees. Mrs. Lee, the great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, defied her well-to-do family to marry the inconspicuous Army lieutenant who was someday to be offered the commands of both the Union and Confederate Armies. The defiance was not an act of school-girlish assertiveness but the sign of an integrity that was to carry her through one difficulty after another in the trying years that lay ahead. Her seven children provided part of her anguish and testing; so did her crippling arthritis, which finally put her into a wheelchair; and, of course, so also did the proliferating agonies of the war.

Mr. Kane's book, in a sense, returns Mary Custis to the American people. She has a glow undeserving of shadow, even so majestic a one as a general's. —H. J. SHINN.

WAR CASUALTY: Guthrie Wilson, author of "Brave Company," has chosen **"The Feared and the Fearless"** (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $3.50) as the title for his third novel. It is the lurid history of Capt. Markham Faulkner, a New Zealander, whose skull was laid open during World War II when a land mine exploded as he was cutting enemy barbed wire, in the North African campaign. His injury leaves him almost wholly without memory or inhibition. Later, sent to Northern Italy to command a group of partisans (shortly before the liberation of Rome), he wreaks such savage reprisal upon the peasantry who give information to the Fascisti that his own men doubt his sanity. The countryside has nicknamed him Il Brutto because of his bloody deportment and his consuming hunger for death. Maria Cresswell, the American girl who has a brief affair with him, had previously managed to escape internment and improbably repaired to Faulkner's Apennine hideaway. When Brutto murders the major sent to replace him Maria deserts her demon lover for Cpl. Max Stuart. Fleeing vengeance, Stuart shoots, and believes he kills his commanding officer. At the close of the war Stuart and Maria settle happily in New Zealand, where she bears Brutto's son. In a welcome finale Brutto, who has been committed to an asylum in Wellington, murders his psychiatrist and several policemen before he is shot down. By this time the reader's concern with him is not even clinical.

—NICOLAS MONJO.



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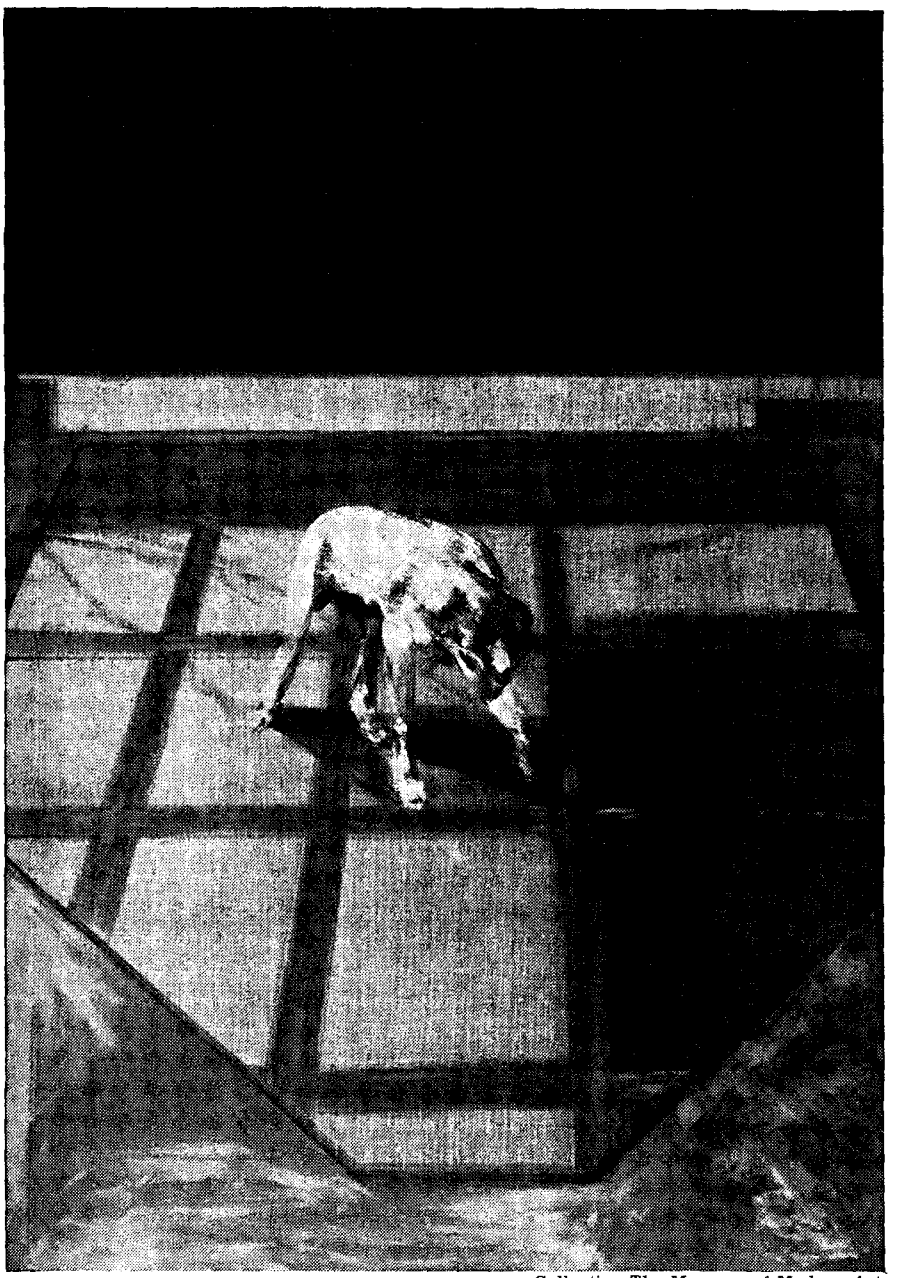
THE FINE ARTS

Mr. Francis Bacon



—*Collection The Museum of Modern Art.*

"Dog," by Francis Bacon—"a sort of palsied motion."

THE British critic Robin Ironside, in describing modern English painting, has referred to "that minor lyrical tradition . . . that has been kept flickering in England ever since the end of the eighteenth century. sometimes with a wild, always with an uneasy light, by a succession of gifted eccentrics." The words are appropriate to the art of Francis Bacon, currently on display at Durlacher Brothers in New York. We might, however, eliminate the adjective "minor." To my mind Bacon, born in 1910 but active as an artist only since the mid-1940's, has emerged as one of the finest painters in postwar Europe—a brilliant technician and the creator of a compelling imagery.

I suppose Bacon should be described as an eccentric in that he destroys his paintings at an alarming rate. On the proceeds from those few he sells he departs for Monte Carlo to try out a self-invented and presumably fallible system for breaking the bank. These seem minor aberrations compared to those of English painters like Wainewright the Poisoner and a host of others lost in desuetude and drink, and as a man Bacon is apparently mild in manner and appearance. As an artist he is motivated by an inner life of very great intensity. If an eccentric, he is so in the creative sense that Blake was one, and Samuel Palmer, and Turner. His pictures clutch at our consciousness with frightening tenacity, like the prints of Goya.

The name of Goya brings to mind Bacon's debt to another Spanish master. If his "Study of a Figure in a Room" owes something to the "Esto es peor" etching from Goya's "Disasters of War," the present show also includes part of a long series of pictures of a seated clerical figure inspired by Velasquez's "Portrait of Pope Innocent X" at the Doria Palace in Rome. These paintings all retain certain features of the Velasquez portrait, notably the Pope's hat and white collar and the carved ornaments at the top of his chair. But the variety of facial expression and general emotional content in Bacon's pictures is astonishing, ranging from murky indifference to open horror, with arm raised to stifle a scream. For sheer technical virtuosity these paintings are not unworthy of their Spanish prototype—remembering that Velasquez was a supreme master of the oil medium's sensuous capacities. Yet Bacon is the opposite of a precisionist in technique. He works on large canvases at lightning speed. Furthermore, according to Robert Melville, "Bacon never makes a drawing. He starts a picture with a loaded one-inch brush of the kind that ironmongers stock, and almost the entire work is painted with such brushes. In these broad brushstrokes, modernism has found its skin . . ." What a skin! The animal in the Museum of Modern Art's painting called "Dog" is so luxuriously handled that Velasquez's incandescent pigment comes to mind.

BACON'S imagery is as remarkable as his technique. A valuable clue to its genesis is given by a photograph of a wall in the artist's studio, taken by the American critic Sam Hunter, and used as an illustration to his fine article on Bacon (*Magazine of Art*, January 1952). On the wall are pinned numerous reproductions and photographs, among them the Velasquez portrait of Innocent X, a photograph of the present Pope being carried aloft in the Papal chair, a page from Eadweard Muybridge's "The Human Figure in Motion," a

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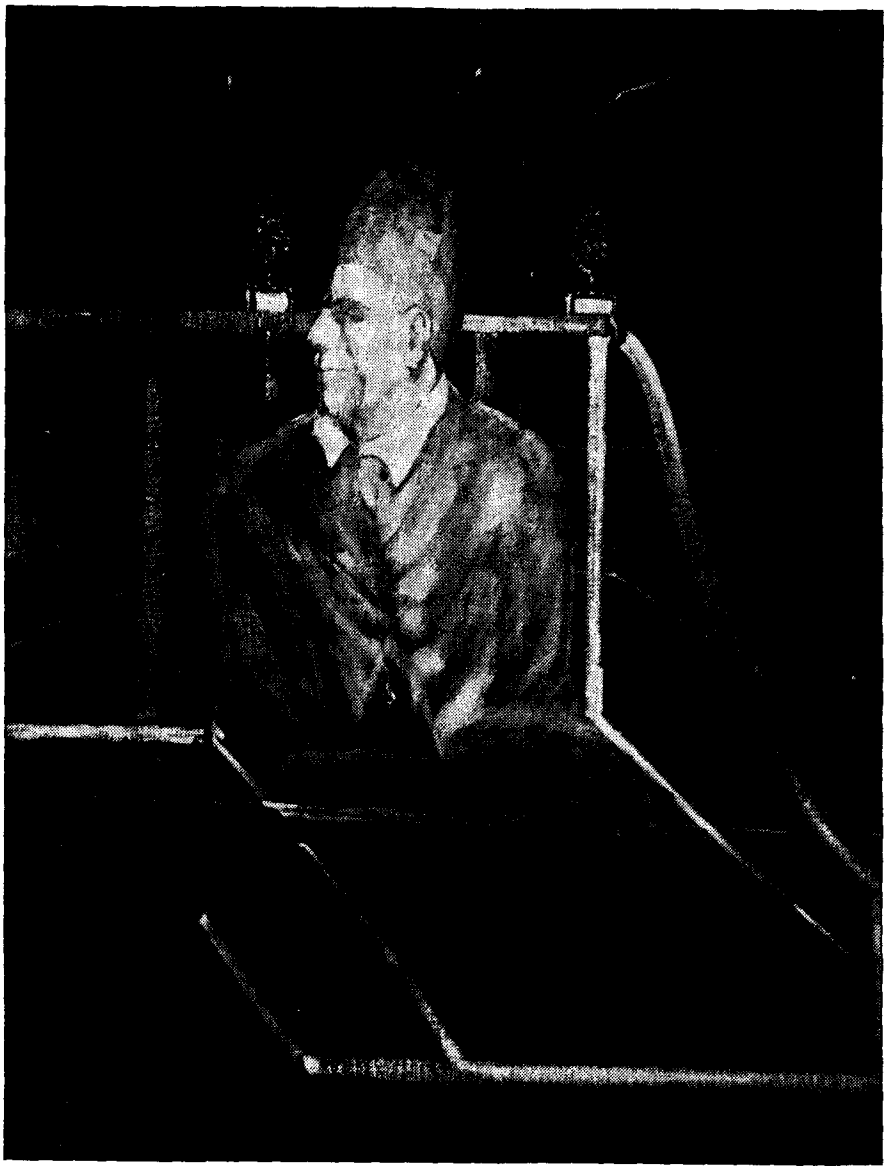
Seurat reproduction, photos of a charging rhinoceros and of a baboon (Bacon recently traveled in South Africa and has always been fascinated by the jungle), news shots of dramatic contemporary events, stills from movies, and photographs of the Nazi dictators. The images on the studio wall supply a glossary of Bacon's expressive means in iconography: incomplete, of course, but revealing. Past art and present reality are dual stimuli to his vision. The Velasquez portrait of Innocent X plays against the snapshot of Pius XII; the lessons of men like Seurat, Vuillard, and Sickert are adapted in the present show to a landscape with two figures huddled in the high grass, like fugitives in a modern ganster film.

Bacon is especially fascinated by the drama of contemporary existence, as recorded in the pictorial sections of the press. Photographic quotations, thoroughly transformed, are often used in his work. As an example, in several of his pictures based on the Velasquez portrait the face of the figure is bisected and blurred by a hanging cord with tassel. One of the photographs on Bacon's studio wall shows Hitler staring out of a window. Directly in front of the dictator's face appears an irrelevant and (for Bacon) haunting detail—a window-shade cord with tassel. There can be little doubt that this detail has been transferred, through some strange associational process, to Bacon's recent portraits of a clerical figure. For him the accidental minutiae of pictorial journalism become the accents of a tormented vision in which chimera and reality are fused with extraordinary conviction, as in certain prose passages by Thomas De Quincey. His interest in such minutiae finds precedent in the surrealist esthetic, whose oblique influence on current English painting is by no means spent. (In 1935, for instance, Dali described in *Minotaure* the apparitional quality of a tiny spool of thread, lying in the extreme foreground of an otherwise conventional photograph of a Paris street scene.) But Bacon's preoccupation with psychological matters does not run in the direction of Freudian autobiography, as it did with many of the surrealists. His vision seems more extroverted than theirs, though no less personal. His aim, he is reported to have said, is to record our epoch's hysteria.

Like numerous artists of the past and present, Bacon has been much concerned with the problem of suggesting motion, a fact which explains the presence on his wall of a page from Muybridge's book of action photographs. Throughout the history of art some of the greatest painters and sculptors have turned to this problem. The "Victory of Samothrace," with its flanged draperies, proposes one solution; "The Faithless Shepherd" by Bruegel, its figure frozen in so untenable a pose that immediate further motion is inferred, proposes another. In our time the Italian futurists and allied artists like Marcel Duchamp have sought to give movement to their figures. Bacon's solution of the problem is both new and effective. By scumbling the surfaces of certain portions of his canvases he manages to suggest a sort of palsied motion. The head of the cleric in his portrait series is never entirely still; it seems to tremble with apprehension or is contorted by a scream. Similarly, the animal in "Dog" sags forward, as though preparing to settle in a chosen place.

Another astonishing fact about Bacon's art is how quickly it has come to maturity. In 1945 he completed some studies for figures at the base of a crucifixion. These pictures show the influence of Graham Sutherland in color and, perhaps, of Matta in their cruel, distraught forms. But the following year Bacon painted several large compositions, most of them since destroyed, depicting a man standing in what appears to be a butcher shop, before a battery of microphones. The man's face has no features except a gaping mouth. Over his head is an umbrella (Chamberlain's?); behind him hang a carcass of beef and Hitler's window-curtains with cords and tassels; two sides of beef are placed in the cagelike structure in which he stands. The picture (now in the Museum of Modern Art) was first entitled "Man with Microphones," and obviously instruments of public communication have had a profound symbolic significance for Bacon. The image's satirical impact is unforgettable, its technical richness superb. It announces the arrival of a first-rate talent.

—James Thrall Soby.



Eight Studies for a Portrait (No. 2), by Francis Bacon.

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Incarnation of Old Dutch

"Jacques Villon: His Graphic Art," edited by William S. Lieberman *(Museum of Modern Art. 24 pp. 23 illus. 50¢), is a catalogue of an exhibition of etchings and other works now on exhibition in New York that will shortly begin a tour of leading American cities. Below, Walter Pach, distinguished American art critic, discusses Villon's work and his reputation in this country.*

By Walter Pach

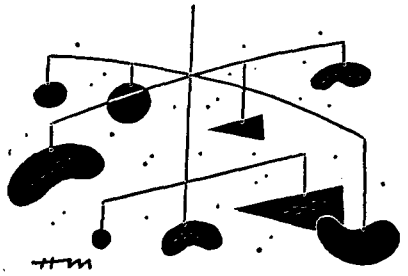
FOLLOWING their present showing, lasting until November 15 at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the etchings and other graphic works by Jacques Villon are to visit the principal cities of the United States on a tour planned to continue for at least two years. In view of the considerable labor involved in assembling these prints from collections here and abroad, it is natural to ask why the Museum has undertaken such an effort. True, Villon is now seventy-eight years old, and in the time since he was sixteen (an age represented in the show by two etchings already of masterly skill) his reputation has grown. His art, too, has grown, from the slenderness of his early manner to its present mingling of ripe intellect, fine sensualism, and a seizing of overtones from the ether.

But until the last decade or two Villon's achievement was appreciated far more by his fellow workers than by the general public. If it is the artists who pass the final judgment on matters of their profession, the question may still be asked why it is thought that a dozen or more American cities should be interested in seeing work that, for many persons even today, seems little more than caviar to the general.

To come at once to that last point, the American people appear to have a taste for this particular type of caviar. An exotic food, perhaps, it is still one of a very concentrated kind. And what is all too often forgotten is that Americans have a record no less than extraordinary for recognizing—and buying—modern art while it is still modern: witness, for example, our great collections of Barbizon pictures, many of which came to us directly from the easels on which they were painted.

The present homage to Villon's art is only a logical outgrowth of the appreciation he first met with here forty years ago. When he was first presented to our public at the Armory Show of 1913 all nine of the paintings he showed were bought before the exhibition left New York and, some years later, at his first one-man showing in America twenty-nine out of the thirty-five paintings exhibited were acquired by collectors from various parts of this country and Canada. This very unusual appreciation is only in part to be explained, I think, by the beautiful color quality in Villon's painting: it derives quite as much from his share in carrying out an idea generally looked on as modern but clearly anticipated, as I hope to prove here, by one of the greatest Old Masters. It is not comparing Villon with Rembrandt to say that the glorious Dutchman and the modern Frenchman have a similar lesson to give us on the score of subject matter. Confront the loftiest expression of tragedy and of religious feeling in Rembrandt's work with what he makes of perfectly commonplace themes, and you see that a "noble subject" is completely unessential for him; his prodigious effects are simply the workings of a great soul rendered visible. Take a book of the master's etchings and turn from his awesome vision of the Crucifixion to his plate of "The Hog": with the one subject as with the other what you are admiring is the genius of the man.

It was most humbly that Jacques Villon effaced himself before the endless detail of the architectural etchings which were one source of his livelihood before his personal work sold in sufficient quantity, and his respect for other men (often inferior to himself) permitted him to do prints which translate works by various moderns in very remarkable fashion. Such penetration into arts other than his own has given him an insight into the past also, and it has frequently expressed itself in profound observations on the masters in their relationship with the work of today.



Other great moderns have shown this quality of mind. Cézanne both in his words and his work appears to us always nearer to the classics (we remember his saying "I want to do over from nature the work of Poussin"). Matisse spent years in copying at the Louvre, and then created a masterpiece out of a free derivation from an old Dutch still life; and Picasso, at first a follower of Goya and Greco, gave us only recently a powerful and personal lithograph from a painting by that incarnation of sixteenth-century Germany, Lucas Cranach.

THE examples of such a mentality in France might be extended indefinitely, and far back into the past. If I emphasize Villon's share in this splendid tradition it is in order to point out one of the two things that separate him, as if by an abyss, from the spurious moderns too often to be found on museum walls. Of course, any number of other differences between him and the tribe of camp-followers might be mentioned; but after noticing the unshakable hold that the modern masters have on the past, and then comparing such support with the rootlessness of their imitators, I come to what I believe to be the most important factor of all in showing us the validity of the great men of today, and the futility of the herd that merely follows.

Returning to that demonstration given us by Rembrandt of the true source of our enjoyment of art, the modern period had not gone far enough with the great Dutchman's idea when still-life painting was given its new significance in the latter nineteenth century and the early twentieth. After all, painters were still retaining subject matter—apples, plates, etc. The next step was the freedom with which those "Wild Beasts," the Fauves, adapted the lines and colors of nature to the needs of picture making. But a further step was to come, the biggest since the Renaissance, as has been affirmed by Diego Rivera. This was the Cubists' abolishing of all phases of the subject's appearance. Picasso and Braque retained, as a rule, some elements of what our eyes see, something of the sense of solidity or of the play of light and shadow. Villon, on the other hand, gave himself the discipline of rejecting from his picture every element that could be explained as merely aspect of the seen world. For a certain time at least we find him

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"The Haulers," by Jacques Villon (1907).

going to such an extreme in his analysis as is represented in the present show by the plate called "Composition." It could not have had any such title as "figure" or "landscape," though it might conceivably have been called "recomposition," since the planes composing the design had been obtained by taking various cross sections of a sculpture, if I remember rightly. Probably Villon does, after some thirty years, but perhaps not. What counts, finally, is the result, and not the ingredients which went into it.

Such a viewpoint must be nearly the ultimate one in doing away with the tyranny of visible things. But even here we must take note that he was basing his work on an experience of the world—and that makes a fundamental difference between his procedure and the "automatic" painting of men who put down colors and shapes in response to some "inner urge," more imaginary than real in most cases.

A FURTHER contrast between the decadent modernists and the men of the old Cubist group, such as Picasso and Villon, is that the latter make periodic returns to the world of the eyes and—like Antaeus—draw increased strength from each new contact with the earth. In Villon's later etching there is not only new strength but beauty we could not have imagined from his earlier work in the present show: portraits, landscape, and still-life from his recent years tell that he can now look the old sphinx nature full in the face.

An acquaintance with the past tells us that this has been the procedure of its great periods. We know historically that such an "abstract" creation as the Ionic capital owes its discovery to the tendrils of honeysuckle which decorated the top of the column at a primitive time; and we know that oriental rugs, often cited as examples of "pure" design and color, derive their beauty from the sight of water and flowers amid the oases of the desert. Most telling of all testimony is found in certain magnificent words of Poussin; often quoted, they are not generally connected with our present-day need to understand the relationship between nature and art. The most classical and most authoritative master of the French school matched the boldness of his painting with that of his speech when he said, "The beautiful girls you will have seen at Nîmes will not, I am sure, have delighted your eyes less than did the sight of the beautiful columns of the Maison Carrée, since those latter are merely old copies of the former."

That is the type of reasoning that defines the ideal of French artists in the time of Poussin—and that distinguishes them in the time of Villon. Their sense of beauty is inseparable from their sense of reality. And that is the thought that the present exhibition will demonstrate to the cities of America where these prints will be shown. One could scarcely imagine a more salutary lesson at a time when the rapid advances of modern art have caused confusion in the minds of many men who attempt to practise it, or who are buying examples of it for our public collections.

Still Collection

"After the Hunt," by Alfred Frankenstein *(University of California Press. 188 pp. $10), details its author's sleuthlike investigation into the work of William Michael Harnett, nineteenth-century* trompe l'oeil *painter, and the amazing discoveries it produced about the work of a whole school of American artists. Holger Cahill, who reviews it here, is the author of "New Horizons in American Art" and other works.*

By Holger Cahill

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN's new book, "After the Hunt," is the game bag of a venture into some dark interiors of the American art world. It is presented in the style of a detective story. Perhaps a better comparison would be that of a fox hunt where the find, the check, and the view are placed before the reader in painstaking detail. The author takes us with him around every twist and turn and over every hedge. But while the quarry escapes and there is no death, the fox's drag is followed until it disappears at the end of the chase.

The drag which started the hunt was found in a series of pictures by William Michael Harnett, a painter of *trompe l'oeil* still life whose eye-foolers were immensely popular in the last quarter of the nineteenth century but had long fallen out of favor. In the 1930's they achieved a rich renaissance of popularity because of the booming publicity around the surrealists, particularly Salvador Dali. Dealers and critics found in Harnett a forerunner of surrealism. This is in some respects a curious incident, for the surrealists shared with Harnett no more than they shared with certain contemporary academic painters, one of the best of whom was Harry Watrous, then (in the early Thirties) president of the National Academy of Design. Neither Harnett nor Watrous followed the surrealist method of putting together arrangements of unrelated and fantastic objects, nor did they indulge in the surrealists' tricks with perspective. What all have in common is a meticulously realistic academic technique which persuades the eye that what it has before it is not a painting at all but an assemblage of actual objects in three dimensions. This kind of painting is not new. Like the coin which has outlasted Tiberius, its story has outlived its classic examples: the grapes and flowers and curtains of

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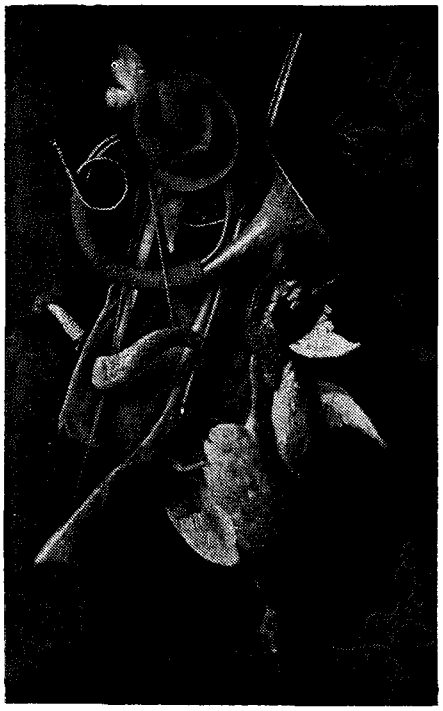
Apelles, Zeuxis, and Parrhasios which fooled the birds and the bees and even rival artists; the Chinese dragon which tore itself out of the painting when the artist put in the pupils of its eyes; and Wu Tao-tzu's painting of a cave into which the artist walked and disappeared forever.

THE Oriental stories of illusionistic pictures are rather more subtle than our own. There is behind them an idea that reality and illusion, being and non-being, participate in each other. With us, since the Greeks, and certainly throughout the period of post-Renaissance academicism, the picture has been considered an illusionistic representative of a reality beyond itself. If the picture can persuade the eye that it actually is that reality the better it is. This is not the whole story, but it is certain that *trompe l'oeil,* the eye-fooler, has been enormously popular in many periods and places, among others in seventeenth-century Holland and in nineteenth-century America. The rediscovery of the work of William Harnett, our great master of *trompe l'oeil* of the late nineteenth century, gave the art world not only a new enthusiasm, but also some problems. The man who has pondered the problems most deeply is Alfred Frankenstein, art and music critic of *The San Francisco Chronicle.*

The first thing that troubled Mr. Frankenstein about the work ascribed to Harnett was that it appeared to be painted in two styles, a "hard" style, precise, linear, edgy, and a "soft" style, freer and broader in its brushwork, richer and more subtle in color. This might be explained as a development in the painter's style but it seemed difficult to explain why both styles were practised at the same time. A further difficulty appeared. The artist seemed to have the gift of foreseeing the future. For instance, in one of his paintings dated 1879 he depicted part of a catalogue of a sale which was held in 1893, some time after his death. These and other details raised suspicions that something was wrong, and Mr. Frankenstein got the permission of the owners of the pictures to have them examined by Sheldon Keck, the technical expert of the Brooklyn Museum. The suspicion quickly became conviction. It was discovered that Harnett's name had been superimposed, clumsily in many instances, upon the signatures of other painters. Mr. Frankenstein's hunt had landed in the swamp of art forgery, and everyone concerned from dealers to widows was very uncomfortable indeed.



"After the Hunt" by W. M. Harnett

But the story has a happy ending. The forged signatures had been placed on the paintings many years ago so that the contemporary purveyors of the pictures could not be suspected of wrongdoing. Mr. Frankenstein's investigation absolved also the artists whose names appeared under Harnett's signature. The forgery was the work of persons unknown. Had that been the only result Mr. Frankenstein's hunt would have accomplished little more than the grading down of a number of paintings. But the happy thing was that in the process of exposing the forged signatures Mr. Frankenstein gave us a sharper definition of Harnett's work and discovered, or rediscovered, a group of late nineteenth-century painters whose names are a welcome addition to the history of American art: John Frederick Peto, J. D. Chalfant, John Haberle, Edwin Romando Elmer, George Cope, Alexander Pope, N. A. Brooks, Richard La Barre Goodwin, and others. The ranking member of this group is J. F. Peto, painter of most of the "soft style" pictures attributed to Harnett. Mr. Frankenstein takes it for granted that Harnett is the greater master. Others, including this reviewer, disagree. One may accept Harnett as the better painter of *trompe l'oeil,* but as artist Peto is superior, as in the "card rack" pictures. I cannot follow Mr. Frankenstein's judgment here nor can I accept his comment on folk art in the first paragraph of his book. These differences of opinion in no way detract from the value of Mr. Frankenstein's work. He has made a lasting contribution to the growing history of American art.

Mr. Up-in-the-Air

"Le Corbusier: 1946-1952" *(Wittenborn. 248 pp. $12.50) is an album, with commentary, of the work of one of the greatest of living architects, the fifth volume in a complete series of his opera. It is reviewed here by an American architect, Robert Woods Kennedy, whose book on "The House and the Art of Its Design" has recently been published.*

By Robert Woods Kennedy

THE recently published fifth volume in the series of Le Corbusier's complete works, "Le Corbusier: 1946-1952," places him—irrefutably—in the small but select circle of The Maddening Geniuses. Since the second volume covering the years 1929-34 appeared it has seemed likely that he would eventually become a member. Not a charter member, however, even though he might claim such status for himself. Benvenuto Cellini, Leonardo da Vinci, Henry David Thoreau, Isadora Duncan, and in our own time Frank Lloyd Wright, all can claim seniority. The circle is, perhaps fortunately, the smallest and most exclusive society an artist can belong to. Delacroix's "Notebook" would not gain him admission, nor would Sullivan's "Kindergarten Chats." They were too firmly anchored to the humdrum realities of their times. Thus, had they been twice as talented they would still have been ineligible.

In order to become a member of The Maddening Geniuses it is necessary to possess most of the following qualifications: A powerfully original creative imagination. Great productivity, preferably in several of the arts. An overweening and all encompassing egotism. An ability to produce a steady stream of semi-mystical pronouncements. A worshipful and slavish band of disciples. Vociferous critics, identifiable enough as a group so that they can be dealt with as The Enemy. A small but steady stream of lesser artists willing to crib one's ideas in such a way that they can be publicly exposed. A still smaller stream of mysterious individuals (preferably foreigners) plotting against one in sinister and devious ways. Le Corbusier possesses all of these qualifications to a degree which leaves no doubt as to his eligibility.

For example, in the second volume Antonin Raymond is chastised for stealing the plan for the Errazuris house under the title, "Pas la Pain de se Gener." In this new volume Wallace

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K. Harrison and the United Nations architects are forcefully reminded of their debt to Le Corbusier for the general scheme of the U. N. buildings, and of the poor job they made of it. Furthermore, the "proof" that he thought up the schematic idea before they "mysteriously disappeared" into the vaults of "l'institute de Boston" only to reappear equally mysteriously two years later, in the nick of time as far as posterity is to be concerned. Indeed The Enemy, in one form or another, is routed several times in the years 1946-52. At the same time, these years have brought triumph after triumph, some of which are documented. Others are simply and boldly claimed.

The parts played by egotism, mysticism, and pseudo-science are best expressed in the description of the fascinating chapel at Ronchamp. "Le Corbusier," we are told, "consented to undertake this work because it was a question of a pilgrims' chapel serving some twelve thousand . . . twice a year. . . ." But, in spite of the building's religious purpose, "the requirements of religion had little effect on the design. . . ." One cannot help but suspect that the requirements of ritual were played down in order that the pilgrims' attention might not be deflected from the building's forms. The explanation of how these forms were arrived at is startling. "The researches of Le Corbusier have led him to the perception of an 'acoustic component in the domain of form'," we are told, and, to get this "one begins with the acoustic of the landscape, taking as a starting point the four horizons . . . ," and further that

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. E. B. White: "The Commuter." 2. Samuel Taylor Coleridge: "Youth and Age." 3. Jonathan Swift: "Cadenus and Vanessa." 4. Samuel Johnson: "Friendship: An Ode." 5. Robert Frost: "The Death of the Hired Man." 6. William Wordsworth: "Hopes, What are They?" 7. Adelaide Proctor: "One by One." 8. Philip J. Bailey: "Festus." 9. Edmond Rostand: "Cyrano de Bergerac." 10. Edmund Vance Cooke: "Fin de Siècle." 1. Robert Southwell: "Content and Rich." 12. William Collins: "The Passions." 13. Percy Bysshe Shelley: "A Defence of Poetry." 14. Alexander Pope: "Answer to Mrs. Howe." 15. William Shakespeare: "Henry IV—Part 2." 16. Sir Philip Sidney: "Sleep." 17. Alfred Kreymburg: "Old Manuscript." 18. George Eliot: "The Spanish Gypsy." 19. Robert Pollok: "Course of Time." 20. Thomas Hood: "Ode to Melancholy."

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". . . the form was an answer to the psycho-physiology of the feelings." While this odd combination of *mystique* and of misapplied words borrowed from science appears to mean exactly nothing, the receipt does suggest a clue to Le Corbusier's real position. The preface states that he is ". . . perhaps unique in his realization that the tragedy of our present situation is expressed in the conflict between techniques . . . and traditionalism."

But, while the tone and sense of the text are at times maddening, the genius of the work is glorious. As in each of the preceding volumes, there are several startlingly original designs. The "High Court of Justice" for Chandrgarh in India is as mysterious, as romantic, as original, as utterly thrilling as was the Citrohan house in 1920, or the Commissariat of Light Industry in 1930. Its section is fascinating, its principal facade is everything one could possibly wish of such a building, its Salle des Pas Perdus is one of the noblest rooms his genius has yet invented. Here and in several other of the new projects one sees him at his superb best, as the master manipulator of form for form's sake. These books are the acme of esthetic entertainment. One has no idea of what will turn up next.

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Grandpa's Paints

PREHISTORIC ART: Intended to be a popular and comprehensive treatment of paleolithic art and written "in execution of a plan by Hugo Obermaier," an eminent scholar of the prehistoric age who died in 1946, **"Art in the Ice Age,"** by Johannes Maringer and Hans-George Bandi (Frederick A. Praeger, $12.50), is a beautifully produced book, containing sixteen magnificent color plates and 216 equally good half-tones and line cuts. These constitute a valuable corpus of illustrations.

The text is divided into four parts. The first part, serving as an introduction, discusses not only the habitat and environment of the Ice-Age artist, but also the evidences for his existence and from this evidence speculations on his way of life. Issue can be taken with the brevity and positiveness with which these speculations are presented.

The title, "Art of the Ice Age," is taken from that of the second part. It constitutes the main portion of the text and deals largely with paleolithic cave art of France and Northern Spain. A history of its discovery and the location of the sites where it is found serve as a preface to a consideration of the art itself. This is needlessly repetitious and provides dull reading. It would have been more satisfactory if the sites had been listed in tabular form and if the significance of the most important discoveries had been further elucidated.

Disproportionate attention is then given to the "Beginnings and Evolution of Ice-Age Art." Although scholars of the paleolithic period agree with many points of the premise set forth here, much of it is nevertheless entirely speculative, and the reasonableness of its inclusion in a book of this sort is questionable.

The third part, "Art of the Spanish Levant," is a succinctly written survey of the rock-shelter paintings of Eastern Spain. The salient facts of the discovery, technique, and state of preservation of these small paintings are briefly considered. Analogies and differences in the treatment of subject matter as compared with that of the larger paintings and engravings of the French-Northern Spanish area are pointed out and the varied types of human figure representation examined.

The concluding part is devoted to "Arctic Art," the scattered rock engravings and paintings of Scandinavia and Northern Russia. Of later date than the East Spanish paintings, they are included here because they appear to be "rooted in Ice-Age art." But their affinities with this art are tenuous.

In general the book lacks cohesiveness in the treatment of its subject matter. Neither purely scholarly nor popular in its presentation, it refers only to the most obvious style features of the art. It is, however, an important attempt at a synthesis of paleolithic art and for that reason deserves attention. Its exposition and descriptions are clear, although at times they suffer from poor translation, such as "next to less good." As previously mentioned, its main value lies in its many very fine illustrations. In spite of its shortcomings the book is an important addition to the growing literature on ancient times. —PAUL S. WINGERT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE BROKEN PENNY *Julian Symons* (Harper: $2.75)	Trans-curtain jaunt plops English agent into deep water (with blood added).	Criss-cross of loyalties nicely developed; pace excellent, treatment adult.	High-grade thriller
CHRISTMAS AT CANDLESHOE *Michael Innes* (Dodd Mead: $3)	Ancient English rural seat scene of wild doings, chicanery, treasure hunt.	Grand-scale haunted house yarn more whimsical than ever.	If you like atmosphere
MURDER AT MIDYEARS *Marion Mainwaring* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Eastern college prof. cyanided; English dept. on superhot griddle.	Basically woozy yarn saved by adroit handling superior writing.	Cum laude
THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	Reissue in Collectors' Edition of 1934 title that helped undepress the Depression.	Sgt. Holcomb at his meanest, but Perry Mason's nerve, suavity, win through.	Still good

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of lack of space, will be given more extended treatment in early numbers.

ALL DONE FROM MEMORY. By Osbert Lancaster. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.75. A glance, via word and picture, into the middle-class childhood of the author, who is one of England's tiddliest humorists.

CARUSO: The Man of Naples and the Voice of Gold. By T. R. Ybarra. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.50. A biography of Enrico the Magnificent which starts with Caruso's poor childhood in Naples and ends in the days when he was with the Met and bought all his groceries at Tiffany's.

CHEYENNE AUTUMN. By Mari Sandoz. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4. The third volume in a projected six-volume study of the trans-Missouri country from the Stone Age to the present. This one concerns the twilight days of the Cheyenne Indians.

THE COLUMBIA HISTORICAL PORTRAIT OF NEW YORK. Prepared by John A. Kouwenhoven. Doubleday & Co. $21. A big picture-and-text history of the City of New York, with 900 illustrations, half of which have never been published before and published to celebrate the Bicentennial of Columbia University and the Tricentennial of New York. The editor is an authority on Americana, and is presently on the staffs of Barnard College and *Harper's* magazine.

COUNSEL FOR THE DAMNED. By Lowell S. Hayley and Ralph Bushnell Potts. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75. A biography of George Vanderveer, who, born in Iowa, became a high-flying, hard-drinking criminal lawyer, making his name in Seattle during the Alaskan gold rush.

THE DOCTORS. By André Soubiran. Translated by Oliver Colburn. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.95. A French novel, which has already sold some 800,000 copies over there, about a young doctor entering into practice in Paris.

EDUCATIONAL WASTELANDS. By Arthur E. Bestor. University of Illinois Press. $3.50. A critique of the American public-school system, which the author (who is professor of history at Illinois) feels is rapidly deteriorating.

ESQUIRE ETIQUETTE. By Esquire, Inc. J. B. Lippincott Co. $5. A book on how the modern male should dress and act in all phases of contemporary life, put together by *Esquire* magazine.

EYES OF BOYHOOD. Edited by Clyde Brion Davis. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75. A collection of stories, poems, biography, and autobiography about boys for *all* boys, including work by Lardner, Steffens, Day, Crane, Thurber, Benét, Rawlings, O. Henry, Mencken, and many more.

THE FACE OF TIME. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard Press. $3.75. The fifth volume of the Danny O'Neill saga. In this one Mr. Farrell takes us back to Danny's earliest childhood in Chicago, where he was brought up by grandparents.

FAMILY DOCTOR. By Richard and Dorothy Williams. Random House. $3.50. A biography of a much loved "family" doctor named Jerry Steinfelder, who was raised and practises medicine in New York City.

FIRE AND THE HAMMER. By Shirley Barker. Crown Publishers. $3.50. A historical novel, by a sedulous worker at her craft, about four Quaker brothers who become Tories in the American Revolution and, in accordance with their religious dictates, manage to spread terror throughout the Rebels of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

THE KINGPIN. By Tom Wicker. William Sloane Assoc. $3.75. A novel about a Southern political hambone who gets himself mixed up with stuffed ballot boxes, blackmail, a woman with pursestrings in hand, and charges that he had once been a Communist.

KISS ME KATE: A Play. By Bella and Sam Spewack. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75. The complete text, with lyrics, of the musical play which graced Broadway for a good while a few years back, with an introduction mentioning, among other things, how the authors collaborated, and of the help of Messrs. Cole Porter and Shakespeare.

MAMMY PLEASANT. By Helen Holdredge. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50. A ladling of social history and biography centered on Mammy Pleasant, who was born the daughter of a white planter and a Negro slave, and ended up in nineteenth-century San Francisco as one of that city's most respected madams.

THE MAN WHO CAME HOME. Louis Paul. Crown Publishers. $3.50. A novel about an American ambassador to Iran who retires from the diplomatic service to return to his family home in the Midwest, where, as the saying goes, he makes peace with his past.

MUSIC AS AN ART. By Herbert Weinstock. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $6.50. A critical study of Western music that extends from the Gregorian chants to the work of Schoenberg, Stravinsky, and Hindemith.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF LIBERALISM. By Thomas P. Neill. Bruce Publishing Co. $5. An examination of various liberal movements during the past few centuries, in which the author postulates his theory that pure Christianity must be the ultimate foundation of any enduring liberal tradition.

SEA IN THE FOREST. By Archie Binns. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A collection of localibilia about the American Northwest —Tacoma, Seattle, Olympia—by a native of and expert on those parts.

SNOWFLAKE. By Paul Gallico. Doubleday & Co. $1.75. Another allegorical novelette ("The Snowgoose," "The Lonely," etc.) from Mr. Gallico's capacious pocket of sweets. This one concerns the life and death of a snowflake.

SOME ENCHANTED EVENINGS. By Deems Taylor. Harper & Bros. $3.95. A chronicle of the present era of the musical theatre, concentrated on Messrs. Rodgers and Hammerstein and such of their associates as Moss Hart, Lew Fields, Mae West, Josh Logan, and Ray Bolger. Sixty-four pages of photographs.

SOMEONE LIKE YOU. By Roald Dahl. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. A collection of Mr. Dahl's short stories, most of which deal with horror in the parlor, and which place him as a direct literary descendant of Poe, Saki, W. W. Jacobs, and other similar curiosos.

SOUTHERN ACCENT: From Uncle Remus to Oak Ridge. By William T. Polk. William Morrow & Co. $4. A panorama of the New South, with its combination of lingering antebellum charm and bustling industrial efficiency.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS. By Norah Burke. William Morrow & Co. $3.50. A novel about the royal inhabitants of a tattered English castle who have to take in sightseers to ease the taxes and keep the moss from off their souls.

THE SWAN AND THE ROSE. By Francis Leary. A. A. Wyn. $3.50. A historical Yorkshire pudding set during the War of the Roses, and centered on a seventeen-year-old boy.

TUNER SCHOONER. By Mary Lasswell. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50. The further adventures of Mrs. Feeley, Mrs. Rasmussen, and Miss Tinkham, tosspots all three, on a chartered boat.

THE UNDAUNTED. By John Harris. William Morrow & Co. $3. A novel about the rescue squadrons which operated in the English Channel during World War II.

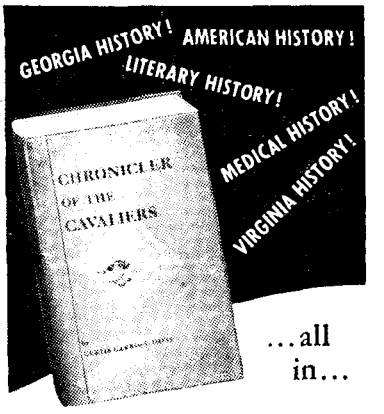
UNDERSEA PATROL. By Edward Young. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75. A documentary account of life in a British submarine during the last war, based on the experiences of the author, who was a submarine commander.

VAGRANT VIKING. By Peter Freuchen. Julian Messner. $5. An autobiography by the Danish explorer, lecturer, novelist, journalist, and all 'round will-'o-the-wisp.

WHAT PRICE ISRAEL? By Alfred Lilienthal. Henry Regnery Co. $3.95. An assessment of the State of Israel—its foundations, reasons for being, its nationalism, cost to the U.S.—by a man who feels that that new nation does serve a purpose, but that it should not be to bring together all the Jews of the earth, who are heterogeneous and not homogeneous.

WIDOW MAN. By Edgar Wolfe. Little, Brown & Co. $3. A novel about a one-legged middle-aged white man whose Negro wife has just died, and of how he goes on and marries again. The setting is a small Southern town.

WORLD POWER IN THE BALANCE. By Tibor Mende. Noonday Press. $3. An assessment of the present struggle for a balance of power in the world, by a correspondent of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* —W. B.



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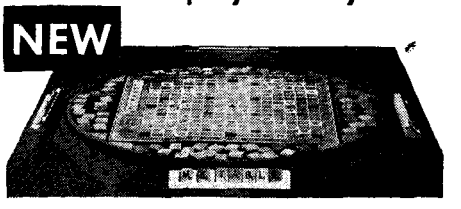

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Y. Uttered a dog's long, wailing, cry.	118 24 41 152 4 102

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 L	2 O	■	3 G	4 Y	5 S	6 E	7 V	8 K	9 C	10 P	11 D	■	12 X	■	13 P
14 D	15 R	16 S	17 H	18 X	19 V	■	20 W	21 X	22 A	■	23 D	24 Y	25 M	26 K	27 X	28 I
29 P	■	30 B	31 L	32 S	■	33 Q	34 G	■	35 R	36 F	37 N	■	38 F	39 J	40 R	■
41 Y	42 I	43 G	44 K	■	45 U	46 K	47 S	48 H	49 G	50 X	51 B	52 C	53 V	54 D	■	55 T
56 U	57 C	58 J	59 X	■	60 C	61 V	62 L	63 N	64 M	65 F	66 I	■	67 C	68 D	69 J	70 S
71 K	72 U	73 G	74 M	75 T	■	76 G	77 B	■	78 I	79 T	80 X	81 M	■	82 L	83 W	84 M
85 O	■	86 O	87 K	88 T	■	89 J	90 P	91 E	92 I	93 G	94 R	■	95 C	96 L	97 T	■
98 W	99 V	100 U	101 P	■	102 Y	103 T	104 O	105 F	■	106 G	107 X	■	108 O	109 C	110 N	111 L
■	112 E	113 I	114 W	115 U	116 B	117 A	■	118 Y	119 X	120 I	■	121 Q	122 T	123 U	124 K	125 V
126 H	■	127 G	128 J	129 H	■	130 S	131 T	■	132 R	133 E	134 H	135 V	■	136 K	137 J	138 V
139 I	■	140 S	141 C	■	142 W	143 P	144 H	145 F	146 E	■	147 T	148 M	149 O	■	150 R	151 V
152 Y	153 G	■	154 T	155 K	156 R	157 Q	■	158 T	159 Q	160 N	161 L	162 V	163 R	164 P	■	165 O
166 U	167 X	168 H	169 R	170 P	171 J	172 C	■	173 C	174 N	175 M	176 R	177 B	■	178 L	179 R	■
180 A	181 W	182 F	183 T	■	184 M	■	185 A	186 B	■	187 E	188 C	189 N	190 P	191 K	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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NOV. 21				MARCH 20	
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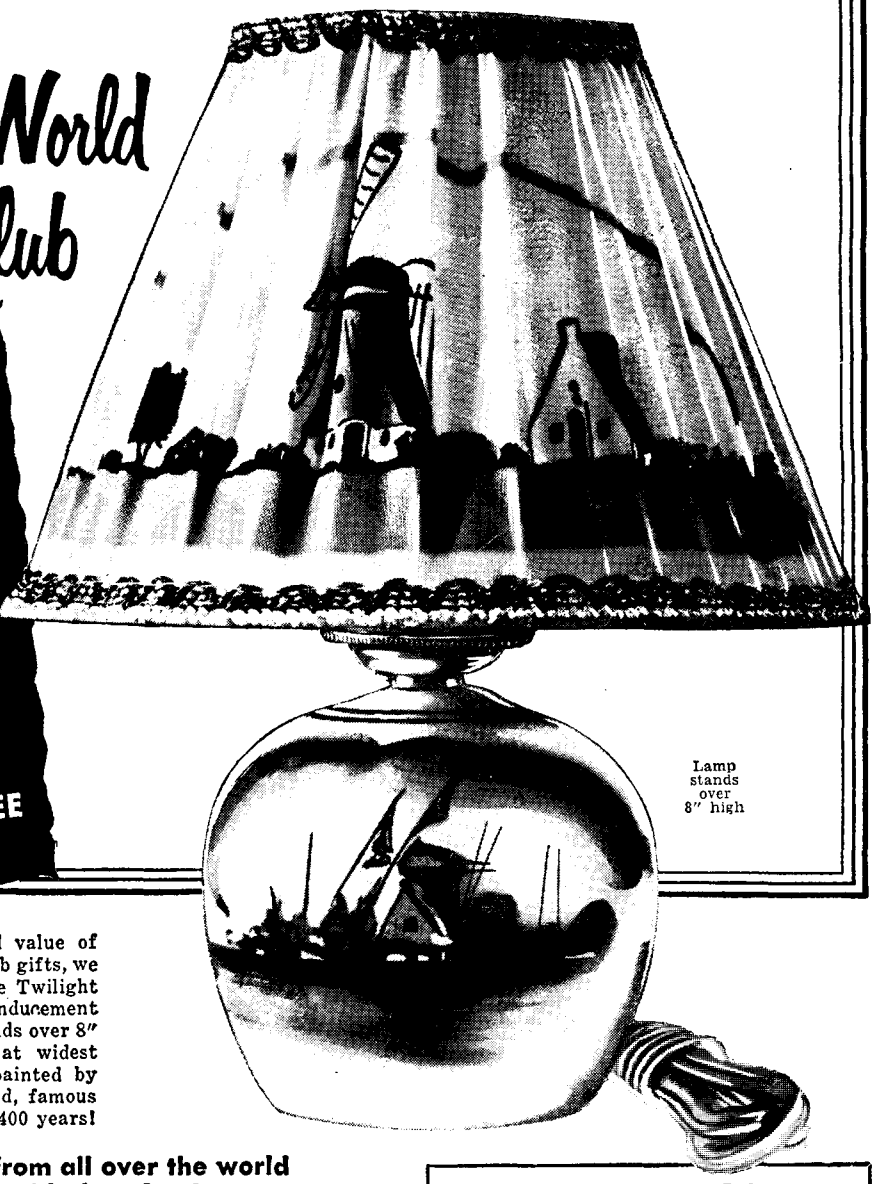

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